

THE
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

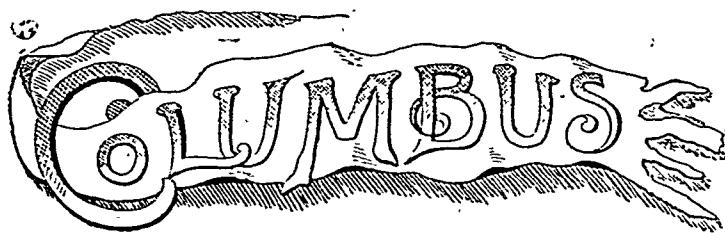
VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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1492-1892.

JOSEPH JUST.

CESPERIUM rapide properat vanescere litus,
Herculis apparent nebulis natare columnæ,
Pallidaque horrendo late micat oceano lux.
Dum tentant socii placidæ indulgere quieti,
Stat puppive sedens orat vigilatque Columbus.
Jam trinæ volitant ignota per æqua naves,
Nullaque quam cœli nunc obversatur imago.
Undique terrificant nautas immania monstra,
Paulatim innumeræ consumunt corpora curæ,
Debilitatque famæ: languescit pectore virtus.
Dejectos reditus tandem spes deficit ipsa.
Tunc ægris Patriæ facies moestissima visa est,
Quæ lacrimans imoque trahens suspiria corde
Nititur immensas iterum clamare per undas:

“Quis furor, nati, subito carinas
Egit? Aut qualis genius deusve
Vos sinit ponti temerare gradu
Regna nefando?

“Sistite audaces! Iterum parentes
Visere Atlantis jubet imperator;
Ne ferox cymbas fragiles profundo
Obruat Orco.

“Nunc enim vester caveat Columbus
Né, novas unquam violare terras
Ausus, immutet patriæ futura
Fata: cavete!”

Dum pavidi nautæ minitantia verba silendo
Accipiunt, gelidas mentes pius occupat horror.
Quid faciant miseri? Patriæ mandata nefas est
Frangere, at eximii contempnere jussa Columbi
Flagitium: dubitant, metuunt, mox prævalet ira,
Quum sociorum oculis dux imperterritus astat:
“Quid mágis expectas vel quando somnia finem
Invénient? Jam nulla mora est nimiumque laboris
Pertulimus, dubii fato impendente futuri.
Cur vanæ fidei ducis et mendacibus undis
Credidimus vitasque tibi commisimus unquam?
Nulla domi sane valeas repérere sepulchra!”
Mitigat accensos blanda gravitate Columbus:

“Non mihi fidens volui, sodales,
Hanc viam Hispanis aperire cymbis,
Sed novas regno Domini jugoque
Addere gentes.

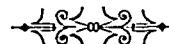
“Tres dies tantum peto vos, amici,
Quippe qui terram video propinquam.
Ite: mox Christus referet salutis
Cruce triumphos.”

Ut nubes mulcet zephyrus, vox grata Columbi
Iras pacificat. Fideique instillat amorem.
Ter sol in roseas lucem diffuderat undas,

Quum puer e malo “Tellus” exclamat, et omnes
Mirantur stupidi: resonant nova litora “Tellus”!
Mirantur: nequeunt oculos satiare tuendo:
Cantibus et lacrimis naves miscentur ubique.
Unanimi ante pedes ducis inspirante pudore
Procumbunt flexis genibus veniamque rogantes.
Sublevat ad cœlum palmas oratque Columbus:

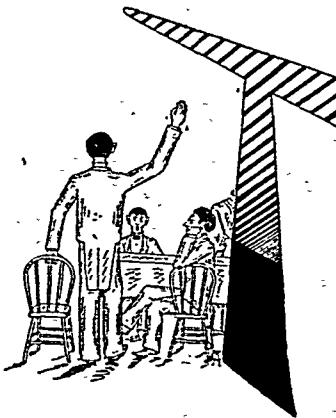
“Fortunata dies totum memoranda per orbem
Qua nomen deceat nos celebrare Dei!
Salve, terra virens, opibus ditissima, Nostri
Jam Salvatoris, nostra vocanda salus!
Scilicet innumeros vitæ hinc, Hispania, fructus
Percipies, tantum si pia jura coles.
Sin corrupta auro foedaque cupidine mater,
Invadent natos vitia cuncta tuos.
At major meliorque brevi gens altera surget,
Quæ libertatem diligit atque Deum.
Artibus, ingenio, virtute, Columbia, crescas,
Aurea florescat pax pietasque simul!
Omnes fraterno populi jungantur amore,
Cœlestemque colat niundus uteque Patrem!”

A Staff Social.



Introduction.

J. R. FITZGIBBON.



HAT would be quite a novel enterprise; I think I'll try it;" and with this the speaker took his cigar from his mouth and deliberately brushed off the ashes. "Ah! yes, ten years have, no doubt, made great changes in the circumstances of the 'old guard' and it will be refreshing to again meet them," continued he, paying more attention to the bustle and confusion about him. He was standing on the deck of the *Oceanic* just returning from a European trip, and the dim lights of New York city in the distance seemed to awaken him to the fact that soon he would be on land. After giving orders for the removal of his baggage, he began to pay more attention to the loud cries and clamor of the delighted passengers. Soon tiring of this, however, he slowly puffed away at his cigar, and gazed far out in the gathering gloom. "But the distance they will have to come" as an obstacle to his plans, suddenly appeared before him, "Ah! I hadn't

thought of that," said he, pensively; "yet I think they will accept the invitation; at least, I will try them"; and then, as if the question had already been settled, he prepared to debark.

Four days after this, mail-carriers in many of our large cities carried letters which, when received by the persons addressed, caused looks of surprise and then of pleasure to pass over their faces. A small card bearing this invitation accompanied each letter:

"Mr. Blank desires your presence at a dinner party to be given to the members of the SCHOLASTIC Staff of '92, at the Hoffman House, New York, Dec. 10, 1902."

"Come? well I cannot refuse; it will be a reunion well worth going so far to see. And he has just returned from a trip to Europe that will open up a pleasant field for the imaginative faculties to practise upon. The sea serpent stories should be very interesting, if ten years have not dulled very promising intellects." Arguing in this way permits of but one result: They came.

It appears to be a favorite subject at present to dip into the future, and, giving full rein to the imagination, describe the grand metamorphism which electricity is soon to bring about. Knowing that the subject has already been nearly exhausted—for who has not heard of the electric balloons, the electric underground railroads, the telegraphic communications with Mars, Venus and our nearest neighbor, the moon—the writer has no desire to add a few more to-be-in-the-future to an already long list. He will not say whether they came on railroad trains, whether they soared on the wings of their muse and traversed the æthereal vaults which had been their abode for a long time, or whether they walked in order to save the car fare. At any rate, they possessed the get-there qualities of good Americans, and reached their destination on time.

Time, in its onward march, had dealt rather leniently with them. The old warrior looked as youthful as in days gone by when his martial figure was always the feature of dress parade. His superior officers, too, seemed to have been especially favored by the man who handles the sickle; for, with the exception of a slight embonpoint, they looked to be well able to row two lengths and a turn. "Just arrived from Illinois, no doubt?" said the host, as a card, bearing the already famed name of "Hugh O'Neill, Attorney at Law," was handed to him. "What? is Hughey here?" asked his old twin legal luminary, Louis Chute. "I thought that he was engaged stumping the state for high license and the preservation of the land of the free and the

home of the brave." "He must be down stairs, I will go and see," said the host, briskly, delighted that they were to enjoy the company of the rising statesman, journalist, orator and poet.

He returned in a few moments, with the gentleman who, unnecessary to say, captured in a short time the entire company by his graceful wit and happy remarks. "Now, we are all here are we not?" and a look suggestive of untold happiness overspread the countenance of the manager of the affair. "No, Murphy has not yet put in an appearance," said the dignified DuBrul, who apparently had lost much of his old-time love of talk, for this was his first utterance. Just then Henry C. Murphy was announced, and that gentleman, rejoicing in side-burns, which would have made Bachrach, in his palmiest days, green with envy, strode into the room with all the grandeur of a dude on dress parade. "Just arrived from Lunnun, don cher know," said he, with a drawl that would have done credit to the latest aspirant for honors in the four hundred. "Had a splendid time, the prince was so deucedly clever, you know." "That cannot be my old running mate, can it?" mused the host, puzzled at the behavior of his latest guest. "Henry," and he beckoned him to come to one side intending to put him through a cross-examination, but he was spared, by the announcement that "all was ready." "Yes, that shows old-time training; it must be he" said the host to himself, now thoroughly satisfied as to the identity of his guest. No one but Murphy, or his side partner Joslyn, would have shown such commendable haste in getting to the table.

But little time was wasted in formalities, and then the whole party with laudable diligence applied themselves to bettering the first course in a discussion. Seconds were not called for, but the look on DuBrul's face plainly said: "If I didn't know that he was now engaged in an elaborate treatise on the rocks of the Silurian Age, I would bet that Rothert had something to do with the way this course was served."

"Iowa must have grown in greatness lately, O'Neill," said the host to that gentleman.

"Yes, it is a grand State! I made a trip out there over ten years ago, and then and there I resolved to make that land my future home."

"But you, no doubt, found a great deal of trouble in getting started, did you not? It is said that young lawyers are not always treated with the degree of consideration to which they think their abilities entitle them."

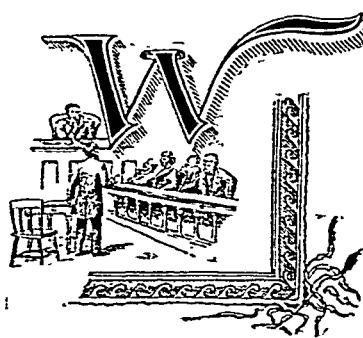
"Well, I was very fortunate," answered he; "I entered the office of an established firm

and had not the *trials* and troubles which fall to the lot of many. But you see some queer people, and meet with some funny incidents in in the courts of our State?"

"Yes," chimed in LOUIS CHUTE, "I readily agree with you. I remember several things which happened to myself which would conclusively prove your statement."

"Let's hear them, Louis! Yes, out with them, Lew," said the irrepressible gentleman who long before had won fame by leading the mob. Thus importuned, Louis smilingly began

Legal Twistings.



HEN I was travelling in the Far West, I took up quarters in a little town called Now-Here, located in a charming spot on the side of a mountain overlooking a beautiful lake. The scene was enchanting, for on all sides the lake

was pent in by lofty banks of verdure; at the bottom of these hills, and but a few rods from the water, there wound for about a mile and a half along the indented shores and through a vista of trees, a road barely wide enough to allow two teams to pass each other. This road was the only means of access to the town: It led to the opposite side of the lake to a ravine, where the ascent to the plateau above was gradual, and in the bottom of the ravine was a clear trout brook, running rapidly into the lake.

The town was very small, and, to outsiders, was hardly known. The inhabitants were hospitable and friendly, but not, on the whole, particularly noted for their literary attainments. There were two churches, several respectable-looking business buildings, and a court house. In the latter the people took much pride. In it were tried cases arising within a district several miles in extent. Some of these were interesting, and, as I am somewhat inclined toward the legal profession, this was where I spent the rainy days, which, however, were not numerous, but sufficient to give me the opportunity to listen to a few cases.

It was apparent that the lawyers were not men of experience; in fact, they were mere beginners in the practice. It is in these little towns that one often finds the upstart attorney, who has just completed a course of law in some college, and who is desirous of beginning his practice in a small place where he will not be criticised, and where he is likely to meet with but little competition. The manner in which the cases were conducted was at times very amusing; and when the tyro lawyer came to examine witnesses, the court was not responsible for some strange questions that were frequently put.

There was a case in which the owner of a cow brought an action for one hundred dollars damages against the defendant for leaving a bucket of fish brine on the outer edge of the sidewalk in front of his (the defendant's) place of business, in consequence of which the said cow, on the way to pasture one morning, being attracted by the familiar appearance of the object, became curious as to its contents. She immediately began to walk more slowly than her companion cows, and to let them go ahead. As a pretext for so doing—as if to prevent the rising in their heads of any suspicion as to the entertaining by her of unusual designs—she lay down to rest in a shady spot under a tree which happened to be conveniently at hand. When she felt assured that the other cows were not looking she arose, approached the bucket and partook of a banquet suited to her taste. We are not, however, to take hers as the criterion of good taste, even among cows, for the adage "there is no accounting for tastes" applies much in the same manner to them as to members of the human "kine." Like certain poisons that are not unpalatable at the time of taking, the brine soon began to manifest its peculiar properties by producing very strange physical effects upon the cow. The antics that she performed could not be explained, and it was but a few hours when she succumbed to the deadly dose. Experts—cattlemen of long standing—testified on both sides; those for the plaintiff were firm in their belief that she was a high-bred Jersey and worth fully one hundred dollars; those for the defendant admitted that she was a "hybrid" sort of an animal, but claimed that she could command no more than about eighteen dollars in the market. One of the witnesses for the defense was asked if he knew this cow. He answered that it was a cause of much regret to him that he ever cultivated even a slight personal (bovine?) acquaintance with the individual. The plaintiff's attorney was very indignant at the manner in which the defendant's witness attacked the memory of the deceased, for he was a man of fine sensibilities, and particularly imbued with the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. The animal was handled rather roughly by the court, not even her dying declarations being allowed as admissible evidence in favor of the defendant. Further on, a question was put thus: "What date was it on this last fifth of July, 1885, when you saw this cow eating the fish brine?" The witness was bewildered; he looked first at the judge, then about the court room, next at the attorney, and then asked that the question be put again. Thereupon another question was substituted, and thus ended the embarrassment.

Another case was a civil suit brought against a sheriff through whose want of due care and diligence a prisoner who was fraudulently trying to conceal his personal effects from the lawful claims of the plaintiff escaped and fled to parts unknown, where, of course, he could not be

found, to the damage of the plaintiff in the sum of seven hundred dollars. Mr. Tyro, who drew up the complaint, thought this a good opportunity to double his bank account, and immediately undertook the prosecution of the case. He evidently was not familiar with the practice of pleadings, for the wording of the gist of his complaint was something to this effect: "And the said (prisoner) did then and there feloniously and *negligently* escape? . . ." What happened after that, we are not told; but the sheriff drew a sigh of relief when he learned that the burden of the charge had been shifted from his to the shoulders of the prisoner, who was out of reach.

One day, plaintiff, without giving other provocation or cause of displeasure to the animal than to pass quite near the owner's place of business, was bitten by a moderately-sized bulldog. He sued the owner for sixty-five dollars damages. The court instructed the jury that, unless it was shown that the owner knew of the ferocity and vicious propensity of the dog before the biting, or might, by the previous exercise of reasonable diligence, have ascertained the fact, he could not be held responsible. This was an "occasus sudden" for the plaintiff's attorney, for which he was unprepared. It was with difficulty that he repressed a manifestation of surprise and discomposure. However, with ill-concealed effort to maintain an unmoved countenance, he arose, and,—like the man who, though "vanquished can argue still," and who, when driven into a tight place will, in order to extricate himself and to prevent any delay from making him appear disconcerted, let escape the first thing that comes to his mind—said to the judge that the *dog* knew of his vicious propensity before he bit the man, and therefore he prayed judgment for, at least, *part* of the damages. It was afterwards learned that the plaintiff was very anxious to win his case and obtain the damages. He was, in fact, rather well pleased that this misfortune had befallen him, for, about a week prior to the commencement of the suit, he had borrowed a valuable umbrella from a hot-tempered friend and thoughtlessly left it on the cars while on his way to a neighboring town. It was lost and, it is thought, surreptitiously purloined by somebody else's friend. It appeared that the plaintiff's friend, from whom he borrowed the article, was more athletic than the plaintiff himself, and that the latter early saw the necessity of making all due amends. So, under the circumstances, he was willing to let the defendant off with damages merely sufficient to satisfy this urgent demand.

A few days later came a man into court asking damages from a person who had hired him to take a horse to pasture, in doing which he was kicked and, of course, temporarily injured. On the cross-examination, in order to determine his veracity, he was asked whether, at the time of the alleged kicking, he was driving "the ani-

mal from behind and in close proximity to the instruments of recalcitrance," or leading from in front.

To this the plaintiff's attorney objected as a "leading" question; but the court claimed a certain discretion in the matter of permitting leading questions, and allowed it to be answered. Here the objecting attorney produced a work called, "Best on Evidence," and referred the judge to the rule which makes it necessary to introduce the "best" evidence that can be obtained, and tried to apply it in the present instance. He was informed that the other books on the subject would tell him the same thing. He afterwards remarked that Mr. Best, in order to prevent confusion, should have written under a *nom de plume*.

It must not be inferred from these instances that the saying, *ex uno discit omnes*, applies; for they are only incidental to the practice of the legal profession, and not confined to the little hamlets and "boomlets" of the West. They merely show some of the mistakes by which we may profit, and, profiting, may attain to all those qualities which are requisite to success in whatever profession we undertake. They are faults which many of our greatest lawyers in their early practice did not escape.

It was a matter of mere expediency that my scene was not laid nearer home, for in that case I should be in great fear of being under the necessity of answering some embarrassing queries.

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"Law is a great profession," said McGrath quietly, after the applause had subsided; "it suffered an irreparable loss when I joined the regular army."

"You are right 'set'; but then it is not every lawyer who can look back upon as successful a career as Louis and O'Neill," remarked Ahlrichs quickly.

"The law? It is only for drudges. Its musty volumes would crumble to dust for want of air before I would touch them," said the romantic Murphy. "Give me the wild life of the sea in preference to the dull routine of office work."

"The sea?" put in the host. "That reminds me, gentlemen, that we have with us one who has fulfilled the brilliant hopes which all had for his future, and if I mistake not, he has a poem recently composed which, I am sure, will delight you all."

Of course, in the midst of such a poetic assemblage, the fact that one should be signalized above all others, was, to say the least, remarkable.

"He must mean Quinlan. It can be no other than Quinlan," was whispered along the line until, in obedience to a signal, MICHAEL QUINLAN, amid the cheers of the assemblage, recited



ISMAL is the scene and dreary,
And my spirit is a-weary;
Wild unrest
Now rides the crest
Of each receding foam-tipped wave.
Breaks the moon full through the rifting
Of the storm-clouds sea-ward drifting,
Throws a light
Into the night,—
And all is gloomy as the grave;
For the silv'ry rent is mended,
And the short-lived vision ended,
Fades and dies
'Neath dark'ning skies
That frown upon a troubled sea;
Yet in after years those surges,
With their ocean-chanted dirges
Wakeful long
In mem'ry's song,
Shall oft recall my reverie.

* *

After the congratulations that Mr. Quinlan's effusion, which he assured the audience he "just dashed off," evoked, had died away an animated discussion arose as to whether poets were more numerous now than in any previous time.

"No sir," remarked Mr. O'Neill, growing excited, "Horace never uttered a more sublime truth than when he said "*poeta nascitur, non fit*" and I wish I had a syllogism in order to convince the made ones that they were not born."

"By Jove! Hughey, that's stunning," said quiet Fred Chute; and as the full meaning of the remark dawned upon the body they exhibited all the traits of a man suddenly awakened from a nightmare.

"I tell you," said Vurpillat, "that cigarettes are the cause of the remarkable difference between the poetry of to-day and that of the Elizabethan period, and also of the scarcity of poets."

"Oh, that we had more cigarettes!" put in the unsentimental settler.

"Speaking of cigarettes reminds me," said Henry C. Murphy, "of a story which was told me several years ago."

"Let's hear it, Henry!" "Send it along, Murphy!" were heard in every part of the room.

Murphy, of course, complied with the unanimous request, and related the story of

Jack.



ET me tell you. I was sitting alone in my office some years ago pondering over a case when the door opened, and a gray-haired old man entered leaning heavily on a cane.

In a shaky voice he asked "Are you a lawyer?" "I am," I replied. "What can I do for you?" He took a large

envelope from his pocket and handed it to me. "I wish to leave this with you," he said. "Keep it until my death, which will take place this evening, and then read it, after which send it to my wife at this address." He handed me a card bearing the name "Mrs. George Crabtree, Chicago House, New York city." I was startled at his words regarding his death, and said to him: "Pray, be seated, sir; what do you mean when you say that you will die this evening? Surely you do not mean to destroy yourself?" He nodded, but did not speak.

"I beg of you not to think of such an awful crime," I continued, but he stopped me with a gesture. "Crime!" he exclaimed, "what crime can I commit who have murdered my dearest friend!"

I stared at him aghast. My thoughts were upon flight; but, like the ancient mariner, he held me with his stony gaze; and there, beside this murderer and would-be suicide, I sat, spellbound.

He seemed to read my thoughts, for he endeavored to reassure me by saying: "Do not be alarmed; I will not harm you. Yes, I am a murderer, allowed to go unpunished, but with the crime buried deep in my soul. That paper which you have is a written confession. I will now explain myself. You must listen to my story."

"'Tis thirty years ago to-day that I made the acquaintance of my victim. I was spending a few days with some friends at the seashore, and on the day before my departure for home I had gone down to the pier. I sat in a boat, letting my hand hang idly in the water, when on a sudden I felt a stinging sensation in my fingers. I hastily withdrew my hand from the water, and was alarmed to find a large crab clinging to it. I jumped to the shore and, with the assistance of an old fisherman, succeeded in freeing myself of the unwelcome visitor. Soon after I returned to my friends and found upon reaching the house that I had not succeeded in ridding myself of the little tormentor, for he had attached himself to my coat, and I had carried him with me. I took him out of the house and left him in the yard, and then went

in to supper. We had just seated ourselves at the table when the door opened and Mr. Crab walked in. He made straight for the table and calmly took possession of a vacant chair beside me. He looked up at me, as if to say: 'Feed me.' I offered him meat, which he eagerly devoured. We were all too astonished to eat, and we watched the crab as he stowed away a hearty meal. After supper we adjourned to the billiard room where the crab delighted us with his brilliant play. He easily defeated Mr. Carrom in a three ball game, and then laid down his cue well satisfied with his work. The next morning I returned to my home and resumed my business. Two mornings after this I was on my way to my office when I met the same crab walking towards me. I nearly fainted from surprise, but, recovering myself, I welcomed him to our city. He was drooping from fatigue, having walked over a hundred miles to reach me, so I carried him home and administered a dose of Spring's Sarsaparilla for 'that tired feeling.' He soon rested and was the happy, blightsome crab of former days. I taught him to carry in wood and water for me, and my wife found him an invaluable aid. He helped her in her household work and even swept the floor. We loved him as a son, and bestowed upon him the name of Jack. I was now free to join the 'Sons of Rest,'—an order for time-killing males,—as all my burden of work was taken from me by Jack. The little fellow soon picked up quite a vocabulary from hearing us speak, and he conversed with us. He showed an inclination for study, and many an hour we spent over our books. Jack read much, and showed a preference for Shakspere, Milton and Dante. While at my work I was in the habit of indulging in an occasional cigarette. To tease my companion, I would puff the smoke in his face and would laugh at the effect it produced. Jack soon became accustomed to this, and one evening surprised me by asking me for a cigarette. I hesitated; for I well knew the deadly poison would soon enter the little fellow's blood and injure his lungs. Jack pleaded with me for a long time and still I refused. The thought of denying the crab anything pained me, and at last I reluctantly yielded. Jack was delighted and accepted the cigarette without any fear and was soon puffing away merrily. I gazed at him with sadness in my heart, for I felt that I had done wrong. The moment that I consented was the turning-point of my life! I recklessly threw away a lifetime of happiness and sealed a fate most horrible."

The old man sobbed and moaned in his wretchedness and even I, stony-hearted that I am, shed a tear.

I waited for him to speak which he did soon. "Well" he continued, "I sat by him as he smoked the vile thing and watched its effect. Jack soon grew drowsy; his eyes were covered with a mist; the cigarette dropped from his nerveless claws, and, with a shudder, he fell to

the floor. I put him to bed and nursed him back to life. After regaining consciousness he asked for a cigarette. This I refused him. He sadly turned away, but at last called out: 'A cigarette! My kingdom for a cigarette!' The doctor, fearing bad results, advised me to give him what he asked, and Jack was soon out of bed. But it was not the happy Jack of bygone days, for he was moody and peevish. Jack was a cigarette fiend! He had become that low-down wretch, doubly worse than a drunkard. He smoked continually, and his system became weakened. He soon lost all his strength and at last took to bed. I watched him as he lay panting on his bed of pain and listened to his awful delirium. At last the crisis came. Jack was propped up on pillows and was breathing heavily. The poor life was almost ended. With every gasp the candle of life flickered ominously, but the thread was not yet snapped. Jack awoke me from my reverie by asking me not to weep, that I should soon be with him in the better land if I would only stick to cigarettes. Instead of consoling me, as it should have done, the mention of the word cigarette drove me into a frenzy. In my anguish I rose and vowed never to smoke another cigarette. Jack was startled at my excitement; but, rising in his bed, he held up a wasted claw and uttered these awful words: 'May you never live in peace again! May you ever remember how you tempted me to ruin and to death! May you never feel the blessed balm of sleep! Curses on you evermore!'

"With these words on his lips he died. We buried him under the sweet roses in the happy springtime, and in his earthly cot he calmly sleeps. I roam the wide world o'er and never feel at peace. To-night I die! To-morrow's sun shall rest not upon this living thing."

I fell in a swoon, and before I recovered, he was gone. He killed himself that evening, and we took him to his once happy home and laid him by his dear crab, Jack.

* *

The sad fate of Jack having been wept over, and the evil effects of cigarette-smoking severely commented upon, some one proposed that Mr. O'Neill should add to the pleasure of the occasion by reciting a poem, delivering an oration, or telling a story.

"Is life worth living?" queried Hugh sententiously.

"What are you giving us?" said Hank.

"Well, when you've heard my tale you will see the relevancy of my remark; in fact, you will observe that it is quite germane to the topic under consideration."

"Let's have the story, then," exclaimed everybody, as with one voice.

"Of evils, that must be endured I always prefer the least," answered Mr. O'Neill, and he accordingly began the story of

The Anglo-Maniac.



NE fine day in August, in the year '89, I was on deck of the good ship *Servia* about midway on the ocean from Europe to America. The sky was bright and the sea was calm. I was in excellent spirits, a thing necessary for every traveller. The passengers promenaded on deck, as people do on the boulevards of Chicago.

It was amusing to listen to the many different races speak in their native dialects, and still more to observe their manners and dress. The most conspicuous character in that motley crowd was an American named Thomas Snobbs, the son of a New York millionaire. Mr. Snobbs measured all his friends by their money, not by their intellect. Young Snobbs was brought up low; but when his father became suddenly rich one day he plunged into fashionable society without waiting to prepare himself for it. He had little education and less sense, though he thought he had more than anybody else on board. He was about five feet ten inches in height. His legs and arms were somewhat too long for his body. His face was short and round and the cheeks full. His forehead low and retreating, and the lines of his face badly drawn. His upper lip was short and covered with a mustache of a sandy color which he delighted to curl. His nose belonged to the pug species, and was turned up as if it were ashamed of the lip below it. His eyes were so small that it is a mystery to me how he ever saw out of them, for I never could see in. On his right eye he wore a glass, more for ornament than use. Through this he looked down on the common people as if they were small in his view. In his shirt front he wore a very large diamond. He carried a thick cane as he said "in English fashion" don't you know. On the third finger of the right hand he wore an amethyst set in a massive gold ring. When he talked he used the right hand in gesticulation, even though he tried to tell a joke, and the third finger was always above the rest. When he shook hands with anyone it was always in the pump-handle style. In shaking hands he let his hand fall at right angles with his elbow, and the other party would hold their hand at right angles with their forearm, and when the hands were clasped then both pumped up and down. He knew how to do this as well as Joe Chamberlain. His "Prince Albert" coat was ever open that the people might see his topaz—as large as a duck's egg—which hung to his watch chain. His tall hat was placed far back on his

head that his hair, laid with cosmetics, would show to advantage. He carried his cane like a London fop, and wore a gardenia in his button-hole.

"What do you think of that fellow?" said the Captain of the ship to me, as Snobbs passed.

"I think," said I, "he is rather snobbish."

"Come, now, O'Neill, no puns, please. What do you think of that bow he made to us?"

"Well, Captain, I could make that man assume the most undignified position he has yet taken on shipboard."

"O'Neill," said he, "if you do, I will give a dinner in my parlors at six o'clock to all the passengers of the saloon."

"All right!" said I, and I entered the saloon to get two ladies and a can of oil. I knew where I would find what I wanted. I told the ladies what my scheme was, and they entered into it with enthusiasm. The news spread that there was going to be some fun. Mr. Snobbs and a young fellow from Boston, who was always talking about beans and Harvard College, were airing themselves on deck in a way that would have made Ward McAllister himself feel that he had something yet to learn about English style. We waited until Snobbs and his friend turned to walk from the stern to the prow. The deck, as you know, slants from the inner to the outer side at an angle of several degrees that water may not rest on it. I emptied the can of oil over a space of about twenty square feet. I placed the ladies on the outer side near the railing. When Snobbs came up, I was standing with the ladies and doffed my hat. He looked over his glass and seemed much pleased. The ladies put on a bland smile, and he stopped.

"O'Neill, how de do?"

"Oh! Mr. Snobbs, very well."

"Mr. Snobbs, have you met Miss Georgiana Russell of London, and Miss Gertrude Clifford of Liverpool?"

"No," said he, "but I would be very happy to meet them. Though I was born in the United States, I am not an American. I prefer English customs and manners to those of America. I like the English people, and especially those of high society, far more than I do the people of America. It is only in England you can find good society. The American girl does not know much when compared to the English, you know. New York and Chicago are nothing when compared to London, you know."

He spoke this with a Cockney accent that would make one feel he was listening to some low-bred fellow from the slums of London.

After these remarks on his admiration for the English, I presented him to Miss Russell; and though he made a low bow, nothing happened. All eyes were on us, and I feared failure. I then presented him to Miss Clifford. She made a very low and graceful bow, and, of course, he tried to excel her. In bringing his body to the perpendicular he threw his head and shoulders back as some of the English do,

and he lost his centre of gravity. He tried to recover his position, but in vain. The farther he went back, the more slippery it got, and soon he lay in a rather unbecoming position on deck. There was a cheer along the line. The Captain ran to the cooking department and ordered a splendid dinner to be served for eighty in his parlors at six o'clock.

At six o'clock p. m. on that day dinner was served as ordered. The sliding doors of the Captain's parlors were drawn back, and the four compartments, which before were separate rooms, were now converted into a spacious dining hall. The tables were arranged in two rows running north and south and converging in a single point. Four were seated at every table, as the tables were small. I was sitting at the first table to the right of the Captain's with some people from Chicago and Minneapolis. The reserved table was for the Captain and his wife, the hostess, and the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth. Before the Captain and the Duke entered, Mr. Snobbs appeared in evening dress with an opera hat under his arm. As he walked up between the two rows of tables all eyes were fixed upon him. He noticed not any of the vacant seats on either side, but made for the table at the top. With a very complacent look he took the Captain's seat. I told a waiter to bring him some soup *quick*. In a few seconds the soup was before him, and he began to help himself. Just then entered the Captain and his wife with the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth.

"What will Snobbs do now?" was whispered along the tables. He looked up as they approached, and all at once dawned upon him his mistake. He thought he should apologize. He was sitting very near the table, and had to push back his chair. He put his two hands on the table and leaned back in order to take his legs from under the table. He leaned back too far. The chair over-balanced. To save himself he caught the table-cloth; but this only made his fall the worse; for in a moment he was on the floor covered with a table, china, delph and soup.

After the Captain had extricated him, young Snobbs addressed the Captain's wife, the hostess. "Madam," said he, "if this table was not set for me, you must excuse my seeming intrusion. I guessed it was for me, you know. Now, if I ain't on the right table, you know, you can show me where to go."

"Sit down here," said the Captain, pulling out a chair at the same table. "This is your place," giving the other three a wink. Snobbs and the Duke sat at opposite sides of the table and the ladies at either end. The Captain took a seat at our table. I was carving when he came. "I'm glad to get here for dinner," said he, "as I want a square meal."

"Can I help you to some chicken?" said I to the Captain.

"Some chicken! Oh! hang it, man! Cut it in two and give me the half; I'm as hungry as a wolf!"

A Chicago man, named Cavanagh, sitting on my left, said: "Captain, can I help you to a little mutton?"

"Yes, sir, and plenty of it. Boys," continued he, "this is great fun. Look how delighted Snobbs is to be in English society. He has tried hard for the last five days to meet the Duke. Well, by Jove! he's going to carve! I wish he would soil the Duke's shirt front! Look at him trying to find a joint in the breast bone. He'll run it off the plate, by George! Look! Sit still! he's up it at now. Great Caesar! it's off the plate!" The ladies at either end were laughing at his carving. The guests had their necks stretched to get a full view. The turkey rolled off the dish and off the table. Monmouth leaned back out of the way of the flying turkey. Snobbs made a desperate effort to catch it with his fork, but failed. He had raised the table on his own side without knowing it. In a moment the Duke, the turkey, the table and Snobbs lay upon the floor, to the intense pleasure of all present.

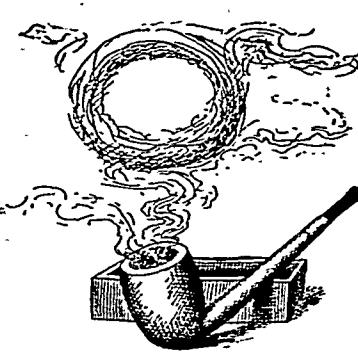
I have only to say that the last time I saw Mr. Snobbs he was standing in front of the Victoria Hotel, New York, after trying in vain to meet the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth. They had given him the "cut." When I left he was standing with his mouth open utterly paralyzed with the "cut direct"; at least he had learned how the English do it.

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"Bravo, O'Neill! You served him right! You are the man!" And amid a shower of such remarks, Hugh took his seat the hero of the hour. By this time the substantials having been safely stowed away, the cigars were passed around. No sooner did the mighty DuBrul see them than he began to tell, in an animated manner, a story to his suffering partner. "Tell it out!" "Don't be afraid!" "I never knew you were bashful before!" cried out different guests, anxious to hear what had caused such a look of sublime resignation to come over the face of patient Will Houlihan, Du Brul's partner.

Du Brul, then, in that inimitable style, which in olden times made him such a star in comedy parts, gave

Loaded for Bear.



If the many narrow escapes I ever had, there is one that has left a particularly vivid impression upon me. It was in the Fall of '97. I was out hunting in the Sierras for a few weeks, and there the adventure happened to me. Game was not as abundant as might be, and were it not for my having a guide, I don't

think I could have shot anything. This guide was a typical hunter, tall, strong and wiry. He had a cabin up in the mountains and knew the country thoroughly.

Well, we had been settled in his cabin about a week, beating up some of the choice spots that he knew of, but had not, as yet, seen any game or signs of game. One evening we were sitting after supper smoking our pipes and swapping stories, when Bill, the guide, said:

"I saw deer tracks down the valley to-day. We'll go for them to-morrow." At this I jumped for joy. We had got only small game so far, and had not seen a deer, so I was proportionally elated. We soon went to bed, intending to go out early the next day. At daybreak we arose, and after breakfast shouldered our Winchesters and started down the valley. About a mile and a half from the cabin Bill suddenly stooped down and examined the ground very carefully.

"Hello!" said he, "here's some fresh tracks. Come on!" We followed the trail up and it led to a little ravine. This ravine was the bed of a dried up stream. It had lots of small growth and brush in it, but no large trees. As we were passing through after the deer, we heard a noise at the side of the stream bed, and Bill went into the brush to see what it was. When he came back he motioned me to keep quiet and told me in a whisper: "There's a couple of half-grown grizzlies in there."

"Well," said I, "let's go in after them."

"Don't you do it," said he, "the old one may be around somewhere and she'll be a dangerous customer to handle if we hurt the cubs. Get her first and the young ones afterwards." With this we separated and looked around for the old bear for about half an hour. At last I rejoined Bill and said:

"Oh! come on. I don't think she's around. We can keep our eyes open for her anyhow."

Seeing that I was determined to go, Bill followed me into the brush. We soon came upon the cubs who were grubbing for bugs around some stumps. A couple of bullets soon put an end to their grubbing.

"Well, old man," said I to the guide, "where is the old bear that you were so afraid of?"

"Don't you fret," replied he, "we'll hear from her before long. Here, catch hold of this one. We'll hang them up. Keep your eyes open though." Hardly were the words out of his mouth, when we heard a crash in the brush, and not thirty feet away we saw the old bear coming out of the bushes. We just had time to grab our guns and run. Looking back, we saw her stopping where the cubs were lying. We stopped also and got ready.

"Now then," said Bill, "she'll come at us pretty soon. When she does, aim at her head."

Meanwhile the old bear was sniffing at her cubs and working herself into a rage. When she found that they were really dead, she came after us with blood in her eye.

"Now," said Bill, as she started. We both

fired at the same time. "Give her another." Again the rifles spoke, but she came right on.

By this time, she was getting pretty close, and we had to run for it. We broke for the largest trees we could find, but were in a bad fix. The bear was gaining on us when we struck the trees. They were two little saplings. We could not climb with the guns, so we had to drop them at the foot of the trees. Bill got the larger tree and climbed up about fifteen feet from the ground. I, however, could get only about ten feet up on account of the thinness of the trunk. When I tried to go higher the tree began to bend and I did not want to take any risks of coming down to the ground, so there I stayed.

Seeing my predicament, the bear devoted herself entirely to me, but still kept an eye on the other tree. She could not climb either of them, as they were too small, but she stood on her hind legs and tried to scrape me down with all her might. "You keep her engaged now and I'll try and get my gun," said Bill. We tried everything, but at every move he would make the bear would growl and trot over to his tree and keep him up.

At last I threw her my coat. In one of the pockets was this pipe, and that saved us. How? Why, when the bear got the coat she took it right between the two trees. Arrived there, she calmly squatted down and began to chew at it. She chewed until she came to the pocket with the pipe in it. She got one whiff of that pipe, and the smell of it killed her.

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"Well, Freddie, we haven't heard from you yet. What have you prepared to entertain us with?" asked O'Neill of smiling Fred Chute.

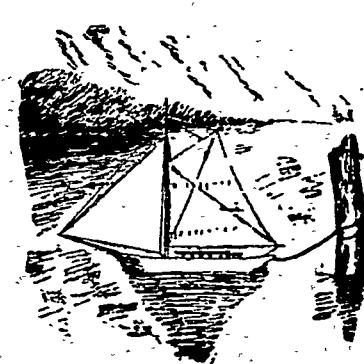
"Indeed, I haven't prepared anything," Fred replied.

"Oh, now! That won't do; give us something, Freddie!"

"Well, if I must, I must!"

And, with a look comparable only with that of the hero when he says in the middle act, "I am wronged, deeply wronged, but I go to the galley conscious of my innocence and hopeful of the future," Fred related.

The Storm.



T will be three years next July when, on a day specially favored by its Maker to be perfect, we—eleven of us—who knew most of the duck and eagle nests on Lake Minnetonka's shores started out for a sail to what is called the "Lower Lake." Our boat was a gracefully built sloop. The wind could not have been more propitious,

Frolicking over the large stretch of water that lay southwards, it had become invigorated and strong after its struggles and tussels among the many boughs and branches of the great woods. With sails full and sheets lengthened and taut, our halliards creaked as the boat, with its jolly crew, glided gaily through the green waves. The day was merrily spent, and as the hours of evening drew near our craft and crew set sail for home.

The East was swiftly left behind; but now the Western sky was changing. I believe this was the most beautiful, though fearful, sunset I ever saw; but, "all that glitters is not gold," and it proved so at present with us. Here it was that the weather-prophet and the day's maker had a spat, and the old weather man was the victor.

Rising, while the sun was setting, the clouds, *terribile visu*, came nearer and nearer. It seemed that the earth had risen to meet the tired old sun, for when the clouds overtook him, darkness soon spread its folds on every shore. Then it was that we realized our danger. Home was three miles nearer the storm than we, but our hearts were strong, and we faced the oncoming foe. The wind was dying out and we had no oars. "Is this calm the forerunner of the storm?" we asked one another. Between us and our house lay a peninsula of land around which we must sail in order to reach our dock. We decided to run ashore and let our feet carry us the rest of the way, whilst the boat could stand the storm. But no! A gust of wind sprang up, fine and fresh, and this, we said, would take us home. We passed the point; then to our right was the pretty little island called "Shady," which seemed to say, "Dare no farther! this breeze will bring you to me; only turn your rudder landward, and I will gladly protect you from the blasts of yonder fearful clouds." The temptation was great; but to be home—now just across the lake—we longed for more. But look now; see the clouds twist and twirl in that storm! From the north to the south there was one great bank of seething, writhing clouds rent into chaos by the blinding streaks of lightning. On it came, and the wind had gone to rest. This was "the calm before the storm."

Just one mile away our mother knelt in prayer, imploring our deliverance from that terrific storm. By this time a row boat had come to our assistance. Our only hope was "to pull for shore and keep off the rocks." Three of us jumped into the small boat—two at the oars and one to hold the sloop. On we pulled; the oars seemed to bend. The shore was coming near, but we saw that the storm was breaking. In an instant the waters began to foam and roll. It came from the shore, three miles away, but in less than that many minutes we were tossing about in the spray and waves.

"Let us go and pull for yourselves; we'll throw out our anchor and have furled up our sails; but your boat is too small; to the land you *must* go," came the words, and our craft,

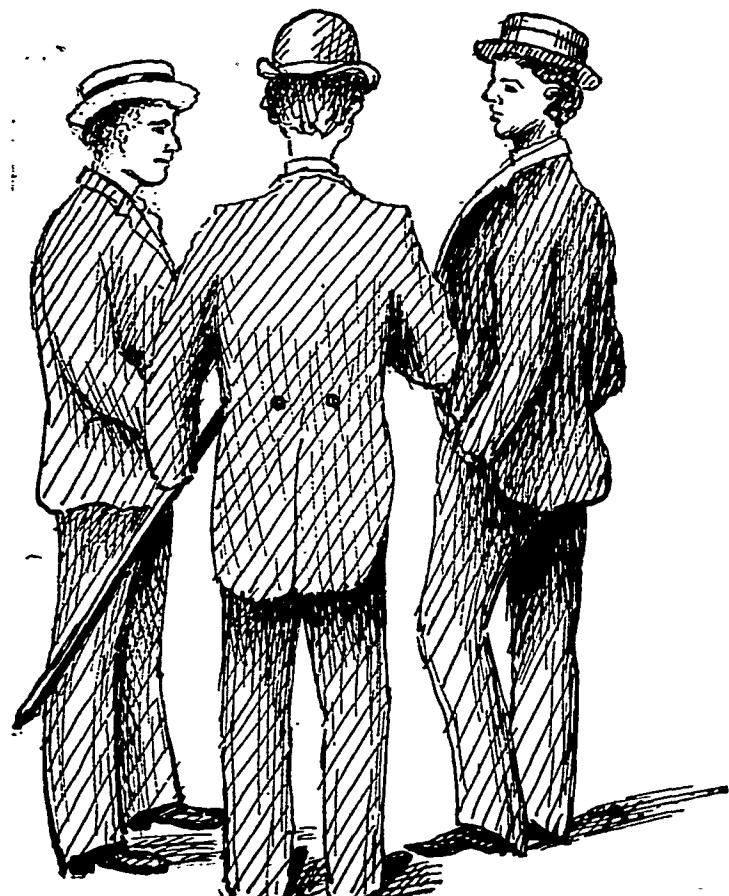
glad to have freedom, dashed boldly towards the shore. But the storm was too fast; with a blow and a flash it came thundering along. The waters were thrown into mist and in spouts, and, lo! here came one great massive giant that threatened destruction to us all in both boats. The apex of the spout was aimed directly at us; and if it struck us, we knew our fate. But the prayer that our mother offered, with many others from on board the boats, was heard, and, with the mighty stroke of a blasting whirlwind, the water-spout turned flankwise and went to the north. Still the wind blew a hurricane, and all thought we were sinking, for the bottom was heard to be striking the ground. But instead we cried: "Hurrah, we have been thrown on shore!" the wind forced the boat to drag her anchor. "Now pick up your traps and make fast for home." Through the woods, illuminated by lightning, we ran, heedless of trees falling under the crashing thunderbolts. At last, we reached our home; but, to our dismay and horror, everything was in every place but the one in which it should be. The plaster was on the floor, bricks were thrown promiscuously, some on the mantelpiece, some on the floor, some on the stairs, and even shingles were scattered in splinters all over the house. The kitchen girl, even, was out of her proper place. She was out in the garden gathering vegetables for supper when she saw what she expressed thus: "O Lord, Mrs. P—something has happened. I was out-doors, when all at once an immense streak of fire dropped right down on this house, and then I couldn't stand it, so I screamed for you." By the time we arrived there was no kitchen girl to be seen, for she had taken her paraphernalia and discharged herself without warning.

The house had been struck by lightning, and the damage was great. Investigation showed that the large chimney which stood high above the gables of the house and was supported by a long iron rod attached to the roof had been struck by lightning and thrown upon the house, crashing in the roof by its fall. The hole made was over twenty feet square. In some way, wonderful to us, the lightning did not ignite, for the iron rod had no conductor to the ground, not being intended as a lightning-rod. Another good fortune was in the fact that the storm, now raging and spitting in the East, brought no rain with it, otherwise the house would have been drenched from attic to cellar. With a few hours' work, aided by lanterns, we built a temporary roof, leaving the insurance company to furnish a good, substantial one, and, by the way, the insurance policy would have expired on the very next day. This thoroughly done, each one helped to get supper, and with hearts overflowing with gratitude to God for our deliverance, we sought sweet slumbers; and our parting words that night were: "God be thanked; and may He bless you always as He has protected us from the fury of that fearful storm!"

"That was a bad scare, but I can relate a more terrible and heart-rending one," put in JOHN MCGRATH, in his reminiscent way, and then, in a calm and subdued manner, in harmony with his gray hairs, he sighed forth

An Echo from the Past.

IT was in those good old days when a foul on the bounce was out, and the catcher of a ball team had not to use his bunk for other than sleeping purposes, that I first landed at Notre Dame. The barbarous game of rugby had yet to be introduced in this country, and with light hearts and sore shins we punched and kicked away at the jolly sport of rough-and-tumble. Notre Dame was by no means what it is now. The new building, wingless and domeless, stood on the grave of the old, with the Church for its only companion. Gradually as the sympathy of friends began to assume material form, the authorities, desirous of hastening the recovery of the Institution, with that wisdom and fore-



thought for which men of their calibre are noted, gave out the contract for a pair of wings.

When this was completed the Minims, owing to increasing numbers, began to feel cramped in their narrow quarters in the Infirmary building. Donning their best clothes and Sunday manners they went to see their old friend, Father Sorin, and lisping their tale of woe into his attentive ear galloped back to their games with the assurance of speedy relief. True to his word, Father General called for plans and specifications, and the following year saw us housed in half of the beautiful structure which

now adorns the territory of the little fellows. Cramped for room in their apartments, the Minims were also cramped for room on their play grounds. Again they made known their wants and again their petition was granted, giving them the old cornfield which occupied the space which is now their campus proper. The old Minim back stop stood back near the Infirmary in about the spot where the pump now is, and their grounds extended only as far as the limits of their present play hall. The gorgeous park which now adorns the approach of St. Edward's Hall had yet to materialize, and in its place stood an old board fence separating us from the Juniors. Speaking of that old board fence recalls to my mind a little incident which may perhaps be of interest to you.

In those days it was customary, at the half-past nine "rec" to give the boys a lunch, consisting of bread and molasses or bread and butter. The Juniors, as is generally the case, began to abuse the privilege, and in consequence lost it. After they had gone *sine* bread and molasses for a week or so, they began to repent of their folly and plead for the resumption of the privilege. Day after day passed, but no lunch was forthcoming. Hungry and sore at heart, the poor Juniors paced up and down the yard casting furtive glances towards the spot where they were accustomed to receive their rations. It was then that we Minims used to perch ourselves on the fence, and with our hands full of the coveted lunch vent our spleen on our proud neighbors. It was a hard-fought battle between their stomachs and their pride; but when they realized the fact that pride without molasses was not a very substantial diet, though it cut them to the quick, they resolved to appeal to us for relief. To behold these proud June bugs, as we termed them, prostrate at our feet was a sight for which we had long and anxiously sought. Too wise to lose such an opportunity of placing them under obligation to us, we put our heads together to concoct some feasible plan whereby we might relieve their deplorable condition and, at the same time, satisfy our ambition. It was here that the old fence became our innocent accomplice. We had been repeatedly warned against carrying lunch to the Juniors, and to do so without being detected involved no small amount of scheming. After deliberating among ourselves for some time we finally decided on the following plan of action.

Two of our party were put on their best conduct for the next week, thus to secure the much envied position of "lunch faculty," which had more privileges connected with it than any other office in the department, and which was always awarded to the two boys having the best record for the preceding week.

Here, perhaps, it would not be out of place to enumerate some of the duties connected with this very responsible position. It was the duty of these two gentlemen to leave the study-hall fifteen minutes before time, go to the kitchen

and get the lunch which they then carried to the play hall in an oblong dish pan. When the ranks came down they passed along the line and gave each one his allowance, and reported anyone who tried to "play hog." The privileges, before spoken of, were that they got an allowance of fifteen minutes before and after recreation, were not obliged to go in ranks and, what was more than all, they got first crack at the "soakers," that is the pieces in the bottom of the pan which were always well soaked with molasses.

Now that we know why this office was so important to the success of our plans, suffice it to say that our friends secured it. This first point gained the rest was easy. Going down to the shoe shop we secured a number of shoe boxes which we then proceeded to bury in the sand in such a position that half of the box was on our side of the fence and the other half on the Junior side. An extra box was hidden under a bench in the play hall, and when the lunch faculty arrived it was their duty to fill that box and put it back in its hiding-place before the other boys came down. After the department arrived and the lunch was given out, the member who was appointed for that day awaited his opportunity and slipped away with the box, the contents of which he hastily distributed among the boxes under the fence. All went well until it came to my turn to do the distributing act. I waited and watched until I got a good chance, then grabbed the box and started out on a run. Just as I reached the door a little fellow, casting his eyes on the box, cried out: "Mac, give me something good!"

Paying no attention to his request, I brushed him aside, and hastened on; but, alas! too late; just then our Prefect appeared on the scene, though I did not see him, and, noting my anxious look and undue haste, immediately suspected something was up. Stepping up to a window, from which he had a good view of the whole yard, he, unobserved, watched the whole proceeding, and I was in for it. That night, as we were going up to bed, he plucked me gently by the sleeve, and leading the way to his private apartment there tendered me one of the warmest receptions I have ever had the misfortune to attend; in the language of the poet, it was a "corker." After thus furnishing him with pre-dormial exercise I was given a week on the bench—*of course, standing up.*

Now, my friends, as I have, no doubt, tired you with my tale, to prove that I bear no ill-will towards that long-to-be-remembered Prefect, I close by proposing the toast: May the Juniors never get any more bread and molasses!

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"Those were great times, Captain, weren't they?" asked Fred Chute.

"Yes, indeed, they were. You fellows, who never went through the Minims, Juniors and Seniors, don't know what life is."

"We don't, eh? If you ever took a trip on a western road you would speak differently," said MR. ROGER SINNOTT. "Why, I have met more exciting incidents in travelling a short distance than you ever encountered in all your life in the Juniors."

"Well, you will have to tell a few of them to make us believe that."

"All right, and I will leave the audience to judge":

On the Road.



N Marshall Pass the train came to a stop. Here we waited a few minutes for a West-bound train, scheduled to pass us at this point. While delayed there, everyone accepted the opportunity and took a short walk around, in order to straighten out cramped limbs; for at that time only the narrow gauge cars were in operation on the Denver & Rio Grande RR. Having been somewhat revived after our confinement of some fifteen or sixteen hours in those small coaches, we returned to the train. The delay was not long, for in a few moments the exhaust of three little giants was heard pulling and tugging away at their heavy loads. On glancing down the mountain side one could see the train winding itself in and out of the curves, like some mighty monster of the Reptilian Age exhaling fire and smoke. When the trains were finally brought side by side, all the travellers looked eagerly in the windows of the coaches, hoping to see a familiar face. Now and then one could see them recognize each other. Then, of course, would come the question: "Where are you going?"

Some would answer to California, or the Pacific coast; while others would reply that they were bound for the Atlantic coast or Europe.

Standing here on the backbone of the American continent one is held in amazement. The altitude is somewhat over 10,000 ft. When raining in this locality a small gust of wind is sufficient to decide whether a drop of water is to flow into the Atlantic or Pacific. A foot to the east, and the water goes rumbling and tumbling down through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River, then into the Mississippi, and finally finds its way into the Gulf of Mexico; a foot to the west, and the water is found running down the mountain side over cliffs through crevices into the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, where it journeys on, roaring and tearing to the mighty Pacific.

Soon the iron horse started puffing again to get under headway. Once the train was under way on the down grade of 218 ft. to the mile, very little power was needed for locomotion.

Everything ran on very smoothly, and we soon found ourselves in the Royal Gorge hemmed in, it seemed, by walls of rocks that towered some three or four thousand feet above us. Just as we were emerging from this crack in the mountain, for so it is, a signal was given for down brakes, the air was turned on and the train was brought to such a sudden stop that nearly every passenger in our car was thrown out of his seat. I went forward to see what was the matter, and I must say I was disappointed at not seeing two or three engines and as many more cars piled pell-mell on top of each other. We had only run down a hand car and thrown it off the track.

From here to Cañon City, which is about four miles, all was clear sailing. At this station I alighted in order to see the city; but my attention was soon attracted by what most Eastern people would call a bad man, and the peruser of the dime novel would style him a genuine hero. Both of these conclusions would have been wrong, for he was simply a cow boy. You might be interested to know how he was dressed. Well, to make a long story short, he had on a pair of boots with heels high enough to ford any river; from these dangled a large pair of spurs; his legs were incased in a large pair of buffalo chaps; a belt hung around his waist, and suspended from this was a Colt's revolver and a bowie-knife; his beautiful brown complexion was protected by a sombrero with a band of rattlesnake skin. This individual had, in all probability, been to the city for the purpose of purchasing a few articles that were needed in his particular line of business. In his hand were two new *cuartas*, in one of the chap's pockets could be seen a *latigo*, while on the platform of the station lay some *tapaderos*, a pair of *cantinas*, a *reata*; in fact, he possessed all the accoutrements necessary for a typical dime-novel hero. He was a genuine *vaquero*, as far as his habiliments were concerned. The cow boy did not seem to notice anyone, but stood there in a manner that seemed to convey the idea that he was "master of all he surveyed." In fact, he was, to all appearances; for no one cared to compete with his bowie-knife and shooting iron.

Soon the conductor came along, and once more sang out that familiar cry, which I had heard every half hour for the preceding three days: "All aboard!"

All made a rush for the cars, and by the time the cow boy reached the train we were under a fair rate of speed, and it was all he could do to get on, although he could mount the hurricane deck of a Mexican mustang. Jack, as we will call him, went to the forward car, which was the accommodation smoker, made himself comfortable, took out a plug of tobacco, bit off a chew large enough to ditch the train, and, to the disgust of everyone in the car, began squirting tobacco juice up and down the aisle.

Again the train was brought to an uncom-

fortably short stop and, as before, the passengers were thrown out of their seats; as soon as the excitement had subsided the heads of all the travellers were sticking out of the window, but, their eyes getting full of dust and cinders, the protruding heads were drawn in.

When the brakeman came along the ubiquitous "pea-nut-bulcher" inquired of him the cause of the trouble.

"Oh! nothing is the matter, we only struck a two-year old slick ear. The Indians will get him," was the reply.

After the brakeman had left the car, our cowboy stood up on his seat, pulled out his revolver, muttering: "I'll bet that er maverick was from my band. If it was, I'll make this railroad suffer. I haint going to stand no more of their nonsense."

At this stage of his soliloquy the train started again, and all the passengers were busily engaged reading newspapers or books, smoking, or else were enjoying the magnificent scenery along the picturesque route of the D. & R. G.

Without a minute's notice, Jack the *vaquero* jumped up and rushed towards a Chinaman, who was in the forward part of the car taking pleasure in a cornucopia shaped cigarette. Arriving at the seat of the Mongolian, Jack flourished his bowie-knife, and made a grab for the queue, and said: "Get that er pigtail out from under your hat till I cut it off. We can't have any of your such running around this free country."

The Chinaman looked at him with a bland-like smile, characteristic of his race, and appeared to be entirely ignorant of what was being said. Things were looking rather serious for the almond-eyed individual, for if his queue were once cut off he could never return to China, where every Chinaman expects to go as soon as he has made enough money to live on.

Jack made another reach for the queue, and this time he caught it. Realizing the danger of his situation, the Chinaman begged piteously to be spared, saying: "Me no more can see fladder, mudder, sister, bludder; no more go back China! You cut my queue, you kill me."

"I'd just as lief kill you as look at you. I am no chicken-hearted coward who lets anybody off, or is afraid of anything!"

Just then the conductor, a fine specimen of physical strength, opened the door, and cried out:

"Tickets, please!"

But, taking in the situation, he did not stop to collect tickets; he rushed upon the cow boy, grabbed him by the back of the neck, knocked the pistol out of his hand and shoved him into a seat all in such a short time that no one could realize what had happened.

"Look here, you would-be cow puncher, I have kicked you off the train before, and if you do not keep still, I will try and give you something that will make you keep still."

In a whipped, doggish manner, the cow boy

sank into a seat and remained quiet for the rest of the journey. We arrived in Denver about 9 o'clock p. m., where we joined Father Zahm and his crowd for Notre Dame. Of course, you must remember this was over seven years ago, and things have changed considerably since then.

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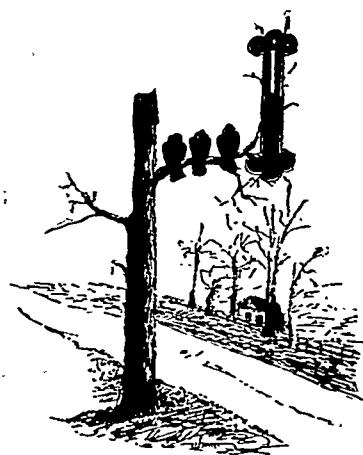
"Pretty good; but I think 'Mac' won," remarked Murphy.

"Yes, the old boy came out ahead," said Ahlrichs.

"Came out ahead? Why I know a girl who was always in the front rank," quickly put in Bachrach, who, although he had not yet made that one hundred thousand, still had about twelve years more to make it in.

"Well, we might as well hear from Bennie; he used to talk fairly well in the good old times." And, accordingly, Bennie was given the undivided attention of all while he gave the story of

Laura Goodman.



SUPPOSE it is unnecessary to preface my story with the statement that it is a true one.

Joe Goodman is as pleasant a fellow as you would like to meet. He travels for a Jersey house, and takes in all the territory between New York and the Gulf.

Frequently when Joe is in easy circumstances—and this is generally the case after the Brooklyn handicap, although Joe is no stranger at the Coney Island track—he takes his sister Laura with him on his trip South and permits her to stop off at St. Louis to see Cholly and Belle Horowitz, and he picks her up on his return. It sometimes happens, however, that while at New Orleans he receives a telegram from his house ordering his immediate presence in the East. Joe telegraphs the state of affairs to Laura, and tells her that when she gets ready she may go home to Chicago. This is what happened last year, and after a visit of about four weeks, Laura began to become homesick after Nina, Lena, Rose and the rest of her friends. So one fine morning Laura throws a bombshell at the breakfast table by announcing, in her charming manner, that she is going home to-day, and that Cholly would oblige her very much if he would see to her ticket, etc. After much persuasion on the part of Belle and Cholly it is decided, and when Laura is decided, nothing on or under the earth can shake her determination. Cholly starts to go down town to his office, and, as luck would have it, Adam

Fish, from Red Wing, Minn., was awaiting him. Fish was a trunk dealer, and had been at Hot Springs for his health, and was now returning home; but before going would look through Horowitz's winter line. Cholly sold him a pretty bell and, of course, had to do the act. He went with him to dinner and in the afternoon went to the ball game between the St. Louis and Cincinnati clubs. As he was going home to supper, having seen Fish off on the C. B. & Q., he suddenly remembered Laura's ticket and betook himself to the Wabash Ticket Office. He bought a first-class ticket, but there was no lower berth to be had, and he was forced to be satisfied with an upper one. On arriving at home he explained the matter to the best of his ability, and although Laura was very much vexed, she laughed it off, and remarked: "I shall manage to trade with some one holding a lower berth."

Cholly was very sorry that it happened, and so was Belle; but Laura assured them that she would not suffer in the least.

At six o'clock the party were at the station, and as it was very near train time, Laura went into the sleeper alone and took the first seat she came to, and began talking to her friends. She did not notice a young man directly opposite who was reading a paper, and who could not help hearing the conversation, which was as follows:

"Remember me to Fanny and Rose," Belle said.

"I certainly shall," answered Laura, "and do you say good-bye to Hattie for me."

Then Cholly broke in: "Let me see your ticket for the berth;" and as she handed it to him, he said: "Strange that you should have taken the very one by chance that your ticket calls for." "See here," he continued, "'berth seven,' and look at the number there" (pointing to the seat).

"Well," said Laura, "I shall have this lower berth inside of half an hour." Laura's back was turned, or she would have seen the stranger opposite her shaking with laughter behind his newspaper.

"I am very sorry this affair happened," said the contrite Cholly.

"It is all right!" cried Laura. "This lower berth is mine, and I shall write Belle all about my manner of getting it when I reach Chicago."

Just then the conductor's cry "all aboard!" was heard, and the train slowly began to move.

"Good-bye, Laura; remember us to the folks, and sleep well to-night," came from Cholly; and Laura's answer was lost to them, except that Cholly heard something like "Lower berth—see if I don't."

As the train moved out of St. Louis, the stranger kindly asked Laura if she wished to exchange seats with him, for then she would not be obliged to ride backwards. Laura shook her head in answer, and her whole manner was not at all encouraging. After a few moments of silence, the stranger deliberately took out

his pocket-book and placed his berth ticket on the seat beside him in a conspicuous place. Laura at once saw that the stranger held the key to the position, since on the ticket was printed "lower berth, No. 7." Now it was that Laura began to think how she could get that berth. The stranger, observing that she had her eyes fixed on a magazine of his, asked her if she wished to read.

"No," said Laura, and again there was silence. After a few moments, the stranger wished to know whether she wanted the evening paper. Again Laura declined, and, holding her head in her left hand, she was thinking to herself: "How can I get that berth?" Unconsciously she leaned forward, and so did the stranger, who was trying to invent some pretext for engaging her in conversation, and then gracefully offering to trade berths. While in this position, with their heads inclined toward one another, she looking out of the window, and he with his eyes fixed on the floor, without any warning whatsoever he suddenly exclaimed, loud enough for all the neighboring passengers to hear him: "Do you want my lower berth?" But before the words were fairly out of his mouth, the answer came with equal force:

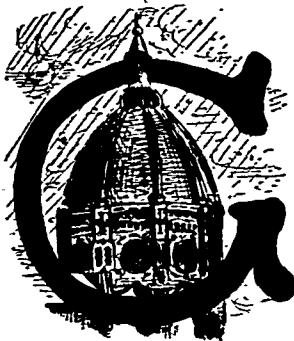
"Yes."

Then both broke out laughing, and in ten minutes they were the best of friends. Did he marry her? Nonsense! This is not one of Clavering Gunter's stories. Who bets it was the Batezimmer? It was not, nor was it Jimmy McKee, for that matter. I'll leave you to imagine who the handsome stranger was.

"Those travelling men are great fellows," Ahlrichs said. "I remember to have heard one of them tell a story once which made a great impression upon me."

"It is about your turn, and can you not give it to us?" asked Murphy, dryly; the others came to his assistance, and ALWIN AHLRICHs must do as requested, and tell the story of

A Radical Cure for a Great Malady.



OLDEN and other kinds of specifics are at present invented and recommended against the fearful ravages of the liquor habit. Some men advocate the Keeley Cure; some believe in moral persuasion, and others in total abstinence societies. They all, however, agree that so far nothing has really been done to destroy the evil of drunkenness, which rather seems to increase in a direct ratio to the number of remedies discovered. This failure seems to me due to the pretentious tendencies of our time. People in

general are nowadays inclined to seek for ingenious and scientific cures, instead of investigating the true causes of diseases, and looking for simple and natural remedies. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that the manner in which the doctors of Pickens County, Texas, eradicate the desire for drink has not become better known throughout the United States. In 1885, during my travels in Texas, I had the chance to see one of the doctors at work in Elico, a small town, still uninjured by that modern monster, civilization, which blinds man to his surroundings, and bids him search the clouds for what he ought to find at home. As unassuming as Elico were its doctors. They knew very few sesquipedalian names for diseases, but understood how to prepare simples and dress wounds. Their remedies were never complicated, and in most cases proved efficient. Since their art of healing the alcoholic disease has always been successful with them, and is so little known throughout the Northern States, I shall briefly relate the way in which Dr. Miller, of Pickens County, made a sober man out of an habitual drunkard.

In the fall of 1885, arrived at Elico a tall, black-haired man, perhaps forty years old, with his family, consisting of his wife, two boys and one girl. He bought a house not far from the so-called hotel where I stopped. A few days afterwards I found out that his name was Elliot; that he had come from New York, and, for some reason or another, had gone to the South. Gradually it was whispered that he had been a colonel in the army, and had been discharged for being drunk while on duty. Probably this ignominy had induced Mr. Elliot to leave his old home. But whatever good resolutions he might have made before reaching Elico, certain it is that, as soon as he was settled down, he began his old life. Nearly every day he was seen intoxicated. While he was still residing in New York, his wife had tried everything to make him quit drinking. She had made use of prayers, philtres, charms and a dozen different kinds of patent medicines, without the slightest visible results. Whenever it pleased the colonel, or rather whenever whiskey pleased him, he would take to drinking and continue till his thirst had been satisfied—an occurrence which, under very favorable circumstances, might happen once a month. Mrs. Elliot had nearly lost all hope, when one of her new neighbors in Elico told her that Dr. Miller could cure the worst cases of the liquor disease.

Full of joy, she hurried to him and explained her husband's sad predicament. The doctor replied: "I have never been unsuccessful in any of my treatments. Your husband's case is really simple. Without much trouble I shall make him shudder at the sight of a bar-room. I merely chloroform my patients, and, while they are asleep, I take out their stomachs and put back the stomachs of total abstainers who have happened to die lately. After such an operation, an

every-day toper will almost faint from the odor of whiskey."

Mrs. Elliot was so completely convinced by the eloquent speech of the doctor that she begged him to operate on her husband. After a few days the doctor informed Mrs. Elliot that he had been successful in finding the right kind of a stomach. Mrs. Elliot gave her husband at once a bottle of the strongest Kentucky Rye and soon put him to sleep. Then she sent for the doctor, who immediately appeared with anæsthetics, knives, silks and needles. He chloroformed Mr. Elliot and cut a long opening in the flesh above the stomach. Thereupon he took the stomach out, put in its place the digesting apparatus of the total abstainer and sewed up the wound.

Mrs. Elliot wept for joy, when, after his awaking, her husband refused to taste the whiskey she offered him, and, seizing the bottle, threw it out of the window. He declared that no liquor should come into his house while he had anything to say.

In her felicity, Mrs. Elliot paid the doctor three times as much money as he had asked for. On the very next day, however, she found that she had been rejoicing too soon. Her husband was beastly drunk, and while the odor of whiskey pouring forth from his breath poisoned the air of the room, he still kept preaching against the awful liquor habit. Mrs. Elliot saw, to her sorrow, that her husband had become one of those hypocritical toppers who like whiskey only in their closets. She again went to the doctor and demanded an explanation. The doctor said that he had been imposed upon by the heirs of the total abstainer, or the total abstainer had imposed upon his heirs; that the stomach had seemed to him free from any red liquor stains, and that he would remove it once more, saturate it with his preparations and then put it back. "I guarantee," he continued, "that thereafter your husband will always have a profound horror of any kind of alcohol." As soon as Mr. Elliot had fallen into another of his drunken naps, the doctor for the second time took out the stomach and hung it on the fence to dry thoroughly. Unfortunately, for the doctor, Hector, Mr. Elliot's great Newfoundland dog, was attracted by the scent of flesh, and seeing the stomach on one of the fence-pickets, snapped at it and proudly carried it off. The doctor came out of the house just in time to behold Hector swallowing the last piece of his booty. Dr. Miller was in a fearful agony. His patient might awaken every minute and find a hole where his stomach had been. Just then a young goat passed by, crying piteously: "Maeh, maeh, maeh!" for his mother. The doctor ran after him, caught him and killed him with one of his surgical instruments; he cut the goat open and pulled out the paunch, which he cleaned and placed in Mr. Elliot's body. As before, he closed the incision and left Mr. Elliot to arise from his slumber.

Suspecting nothing, Mr. Elliot awoke and felt, to his great amazement, that all appetite for liquor had gone. No one ever saw him since that time touch a glass or even smell a bottle. He seemed to have changed altogether. Two of his traits in particular completely puzzled Mrs. Elliot. Her husband now preferred all kinds of greens and vegetables, whereas he had formerly been much fonder of meats. But the most astonishing mystery, which defied every explanation and conjecture, was the strange fact that Mr. Elliot, whenever he noticed the approach of hunger, imitated young goats by crying, without intermission: "Maeh, maeh, maeh!"

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"Too bad that there are not more Dr. Millers!" put in quiet Will Houlihan, who had now attained the realization of his hopes, and had long been the idol of a parish.

"Why, Will, where have you kept yourself? Hidden behind that mound of flowers? Eh! Modesty doesn't go with us, Will; so come forward and tell us something."

"The others have succeeded so well, I think I can stand the ordeal," said Will Houlihan, and he slowly told the following

Tale of the War.



E were travelling towards the Sunny South, my friend M. and I, bound for the historic battle-fields of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. During the course of our pleasant journey we met an old veteran who had fought under the Southern banners, and had been deprived of an arm in the "Lost Cause." On arriving at our destination we informed our new acquaintance of the object of our visit. He was delighted with our design, and at once offered to accompany us. "I live here in Chattanooga," he added, "near the place which recalls the most memorable battle of my life, and near the final resting-place of the dearest friend of my youth."

We were detained for some time at our hotel on account of the wet and gloomy state of the weather, which gave a weird look to the beautiful country around us. From our window we could see, towering high above the city, the historic peak, up whose rocky sides the gallant Union columns had dashed on that memorable day when the volleys and cheers of "Onward!" died away in the terrible "Battle above the clouds." Near by rolled the blue waters of the Tennessee, which, always abounding in romantic and sublime mountain scenery, is especially interesting at this point where it witnessed that awful fight, and where its banks re-echoed

with the groans of dying brothers between the intervals of the cannon's roar.

Towards evening we went out to the foot of the mountain, accompanied by our friend, "One-armed." M. was pointing out a path up which he had travelled before; but as we were about to begin the ascent, the old soldier took me by the arm, saying as he did so: "My friends, allow me to check your eagerness for a time. Come with me a few steps to the left." M. and I looked at each other, and mentally concluded that our friend had no strong wish to climb the mountain. We followed him, and at a short distance from the path we came upon a grave with a simple marble shaft at its head and two stone slabs. "Oh!" thought I, "it is not that he is unwilling to accompany us to the battle-field; there is some dear memory which attracts him to this spot." Seeing that this was the only grave to be found in this spot, I was about to remark to him the strangeness of a lone grave in such a place, when he began the following narrative, which explained all to our satisfaction and pleasure:

He was a noble-looking character, this war-beaten veteran—full of the poetry and heroic devotion of camp and battle-field. "Rest here," he began, "by the grave which time and 'Old Lookout's' peak have consecrated in the eyes of strangers. I had fought by the side of the brave, young Captain Durard in every battle since our entrance into the army till we came to Chattanooga. After the battle that was fought way up there on the cliff among the clouds, I was coming down yonder path when I saw my comrade bend over the body of a Union soldier. I hastened to his side, wondering at such conduct in my captain; but when he raised the bleeding form and the two looked into each other's eyes, I was surprised at the look of joy which came over the countenance of the captain—seeming to me a light calling up some memories of old days. We carried the wounded soldier to that house you see over there. It was the home of the Captain's mother and sister, who came up here from Georgia to care for the sick and wounded. The Captain told his mother that the youth he brought to her was a Union soldier, adding that he was the very likeness of her lost son, Edward. Before leaving the house he hurriedly entered the room where the Union lad was lying, and he met his calm, young face turned up to him with a smile of grateful recognition. 'Good-bye, my lad, if we meet again I hope 'twill be as countrymen saluting the same flag.' 'Farewell, Captain, we shall meet no more on the battle-field; but we shall live together in a better land than this.'

Louis Durard was a stranger to fear in a fight; but he wept as he dropped the hand of this dying boy, and as he passed out he muttered: "How like Edward's voice and features!" He quickly left the house and joined his comrades who were making for Missionary Ridge over

there to our right. The Union forces were too strong for us at the battle on the peak, and after they drove us from it we swept around to the other side of the house, placed our heavy cavalry on the summit of the ridge, and played squarely into the Union camp. Toward the close of this battle, Captain Durard fell mortally wounded. He called me and another comrade to carry him quickly to the house to see his mother and sister and the youth before he died. "Let us hasten; something tells me that boy is my brother Edward. Oh! why did I not speak to him as a brother?" A few moments after, as we reached that little rustic bridge across the creek, the Captain asked us to halt. "He said we would never meet again, and he said truly; for I see his grave, and mother and sister coming from it." These words were only too true. The Union soldier had called for some one to go for Father C— as soon as the Captain left him; he had heard the roar of the Union cannon not far off, so he knew that the Rev. Father was near. The messenger told the priest that Edward Durard was dying, and had called for him to prepare him for death. The good Father hastened to his couch, administered the last rites to him whom he knew so well, and was hastening back; but the lad clung to the hand that had been raised to bless him and said: "Tell mother I was a true son of the South; that I fought for the Union because she told me to fight for the right; tell her that I fell beneath the banner of the Union; give her this letter, and tell her that I died happy; these were his last words, and in death his pale, young face wore a smile. The true mother's heart told her this was her son. She closed his eyes for his last sleep.

The priest took Mrs. Durard aside, and said: "Madame, God will reward you for the generosity you have shown to-day"; then handing her the letter, the priest continued: "Perhaps you may know something of Edward Durard's Mother?" "Yes," she said, with emotion, as she hastily opened the letter, "I am his mother." He watched her as she read the loving words of that short letter, and, reading the whole story of grief in her face, said: "God, in return for your devotedness to the wounded and dying, has sent home your son to you that you might close his eyes. You saw how happy was his death." "I am satisfied, I am proud of him." "He requests to be buried on the spot where he has fallen." "Bury him there—grave most glorious and befittingly chosen beneath the shadow of the cloud-capped mountain where the broad, blue Tennessee may silently and sadly murmur his requiem."

The Captain's mother and sister were coming to meet us as we halted on the bridge. Raising himself on one arm and pointing up to the peak, he exclaimed: "They are going back now; drive them down the hill, boys!" But it was at this point of the battle that the Union columns rallied and swept us from the cliff. The defeat

was too much for his spirit; he sank back exhausted. Then, going over again in his mind the rescue he made at the foot of the mount, he faintly whispered: "Who are you, lad; you belong to the Union blues, but you are now in the arms of a friend." Feeling the gentle touch of his mother's hand upon his heated forehead, he recovered, and looking up into her face, he said: "Do not tell me, mother, I know it all. Bury me by his side, and let the same sod cover in death those who were so far apart in life."

So the brothers, one in blue and the other in grey, are sleeping here side by side, and time, as the years roll on, seems to increase the reverence for their resting-place. With the end of his story our veteran companion arose and bade us good evening.

"Here is Vurpillat, who has not been heard yet," said Ahlrichs during a lull in the conversation. That gentleman, who evidently desired to shine unseen, looked the proverbial daggers at Alwin; but that did not deter the others, who almost compelled Frank to tell what he called

My First Trip.



ELL, my story has naught but realism in it. It is a reminiscence of my youth; one of the first impressions made upon my mind which fond recollection now presents to view. And as it falls within the scope of the general subject of travelling, I shall tell you, kind friends, how a boy from Our Place left home for the first time and returned.

My younger brother and I were emphatically demonstrating that we had about arrived at the age of discretion. It was due largely to the success of our demonstration that a kind father was prevailed upon to take us with him to Chicago. From the moment we were given official notice of this act of the home administration till the day on which the excursion was to leave, time was eternity. Gerontius was not more impatient while in the conduct of his guardian angel *en route* from his death-bed to the judgment seat of his Creator.

At last the day came. We were up with an early sun, happy at the thought of a first car-ride and the sight of a great city. The excursion was due about noon. All the morning was devoted to the task of having us washed, dressed and appropriately turned out for the occasion. Standing with me before a mirror, you would have seen a boy ready for the train. He wore—little red-top boots? No; polished shoes, black stockings, little blue pantlets and a white waist partly covered by a neat coat of blue. His head and neck were separated from the rest of his body by a collar of huge

proportions to which was attached a flaming red bow. The hair was deeply furrowed on both sides of his head, and along the middle it was worked into a mound or ridge, terminating in a curl over the forehead.

Thus accoutred and waiting for the train's whistle, we were startled by cries of help! help! mingled with the shrieks of women and the wailing of children coming from a point not a block away. After a moment of fearful surprise we were off to the rescue.

From the direction of the rising sun, a road leads towards the town. A large bridge spans the river joining the city on one side with the country on the other. The road gradually ascends to the height of the bridge, and at their junction it is narrow and about twenty-five feet above the plain on either side. There are no safeguards against danger. Along the road, a party is travelling in a wagon drawn by two of Sheik Ilderim's pets. As they near the bridge, a horse is seen galloping towards them. Hurriedly they turn to the right, and, standing on the edge of the cliff, they trust that the horse may pass them by. But the animal has just thrown its rider, and, regardless of the "Fifty dollar penalty" sign hanging at the bridge entrance, comes on at a break-neck run-away speed; and (O horror of horrors!) in open violation of a law of the American highway which bids travellers take to the right in passing each other, the furious steed charges right against the horses, hurling them, together with the wagon and its precious human freight, over the precipice into the valley below.

We were permitted only a hasty glance at the ghastly spectacle, for the train had arrived. "All aboard!" Soon we were comfortably seated and the earth began to move out from under us. Telegraph poles were speedily carried by, and we were hurried on our way to Chicago. (You know where that is, don't you? They are going to nominate the next President there in a few days, and later will throw open the gates of the World's Columbian Exposition.)* We entered the city in the same spirit that Columbus landed in '92. However, the strains accompanying our entrance were any other than those of the spheres.

Well, here we were. Here were the boys destined to become the Chicago members of the Class of '92. We can but relate a few of the incidents connected with our stay in the city.

One day, while walking along one of the principal streets of the city, I was intercepted by a "horny-handed son of toil" of the African type, carrying a boot-blacker's box. He insisted on shining my shoes free of charge. Whether through fear, or some hidden charm of his, I placed my foot on the box and soon had half a shine. At this moment, my father, turning about, demanded that I be let go. The negro very willingly, and apparently to his amusement, did so. Thus made more conspicuous in dress, I wandered on down the street, ready to meet the next Chicago character.

* The reader will pardon any anachronism.

I found him in the shape of a "petrified" Indian standing before a cigar store. He admirably demonstrated the qualities which I was taught were characteristic of the red-man. In his left hand he temptingly held out a bunch of cigars, but his right hand clinched a tomahawk, murderously drawn. I bade him adieu to climax my study of character in a somewhat more animated being standing on the corner. They called him a policeman. The name sufficiently describes him, did you say? "Alright."

But while I was thus fervently holding communion with nature's visible forms, I became a lost child. In a flood of tears, I was about to be placed on more intimate relations with the last personage I had met, when my father again came to the rescue.

Well, I have only this much more to say about my visit to Chicago. While at the exposition I purchased a "top"—Notre Dame has since taught me that it was a gyroscope. Then it was to me a thing only to be wound up and made to spin on the floor; now it is an instrument of science, "used to demonstrate the invariability of the axis of the earth during its revolution."

Returning from the city, we arrived at home about midnight, welcomed by a kind and solicitous mother. Once in my little bed, I reflected upon the lesson which experience had taught me for the first time,—"There is no place like home."

"And that is the last; unnecessary to say I am very sorry," remarked O'Neill. "You, fellows, have improved very much since the time when you carried tin horns to the ball games."

"Why shouldn't we?" said Louis Chute. "We have but grasped the opportunities which Dame Fortune held out to us."

"Yes, and clung to them, too," put in the *Old Man*.

"Gentlemen, I don't know whom to congratulate—myself for getting you here, or you yourselves for the pleasant manner in which everything has passed off."

"We'll talk about that next year when we gather in the city of conventions," said Fred Chute.

"Why hasn't Murphy started to sing?" anxiously asked Vurpillat. "He used to be the star attraction in the old days."

"Henry, Vurpillat wants to know what has become of your voice."

"Oh! I sing occasionally," answered the gentleman, "but I have been advised not to use my—oh! if I had Combe here!—bronchial tubes too much."

"Night's sable curtain has covered the earth these seven hours and over," rejoined O'Neill.

"I trust that the yarns related to-night will not in any way interfere with your sleep."

"Oh! no danger of that; I have heard Cartier and Coady tell stories"—and a knowing look came over the face of Murphy.

"Well, there is one thing of which we are reasonably certain: we will not be deluged with

water upon leaving this building this evening."

"Gillon is not here," said Bachrach

Just then a messenger boy handed a telegram to O'Neill.

"I am sorry, but, gentlemen, I shall have to leave immediately," Hughey said. "My fences need repairing."

"I will accompany you, O'Neill," remarked Houlihan. "I want to see your great State. We might as well go on the same train."

"Yes, and I want to see beloved Woodstock before I leave for South America," said Murphy.

"But we must all meet in Minneapolis next year," said Fred Chute, decisively. "I want to show you that my city can accommodate literary giants with the same ease that she handles republican conventions."

"There is a remarkable difference between the two—in fact, a broad chasm separates them," said O'Neill, dryly.

"In numbers?" asked Bachrach.

"No!" replied O'Neill, "not in *numbers*."

"Well, let us go. So long, we'll meet again."

And with the cheer of their *Alma Mater* on their lips they walked from the room, down the stairs and out into the street.

Before you, gentle reader, is their work. Deal with it kindly; they are but human.

Moot-Court.

On Tuesday last the most interesting and exciting civil suit tried in the University Moot-Court for several years was that of Vanderbilt *vs.* Ashmead. It was interesting because the case was exceedingly well handled; and exciting because the attorneys, who engaged in the contest, are post-graduates, both sure of winning and both bent on making no concessions. The attorney for the complainant was Mr. Hugh O'Neill, and for the defendant Mr. Dudley Shively, both entered for the degree of Master of Laws this year. Judge Hoynes presided. The complainant filed a bill in equity for injunction, and the defendant demurred. The following is a statement of the facts: Vanderbilt, the complainant, leased a house from Studebaker, South Bend, in 1886, and named it the "Vanderbilt Hotel." In connection with this hotel he also ran a restaurant named the "Vanderbilt Restaurant." The business in both places was very prosperous, and, finding himself unable to handle both, he sold the hotel to a man named Daniels in 1888. Daniels conducted the hotel under the name "Vanderbilt" for two years, but failed, and in 1890 made an assignment to his creditors. They placed a man named Ashmead in charge of the hotel. The complainant averred that the people confounded the names "Vanderbilt Hotel" and "Vanderbilt Restaurant"; that he suffered injury thereby, and that Ashmead had no right to use the name "Vanderbilt" in connection with the hotel.

Mr. O'Neill's theory of the case was that a trade mark was not a fixture; that the name in this case

was not a fixture; that it was a trade mark and a personal right; that it was a personal right because given by the lessee and not by the lessor; and that, as it was a personal right, it did not pass with the land unless mentioned in the deed; that in this case no mention was made of it; it therefore did not pass, and an injunction should be granted. Mr. O'Neill cited many authorities to support his contention, the leading one of which was *Woodwort vs. Lazzar*, 21 Cal. 448. Mr. Shively argued that it was a fixture, and therefore passed with the land. He cited in support of his argument *Chissum vs. Dewes*, 5 Russ 29, and a line of cases which held the same thing. Mr. O'Neill took up Mr. Shively on the cases cited and showed to the court that they were over-ruled by a line of recent American decisions. The law, as stated by Mr. O'Neill, was the correct modern law, and the court granted the injunction as asked.

The case lasted during two terms of the court. The Law Department was crowded with members of the Law Class and Sorin Hall men. So interesting, so exciting and so well conducted was the case, that everybody present spoke in the highest terms of the Law Department and the young attorneys who engaged in the contest.

Rambling Remarks.

In reply to the question of some kind friends concerning the discontinuance of my rambles, I beg to state that I have not as yet entirely abandoned them. I still ramble (as to the body), but not having met with anything remarkable of late, I have kept a discreet silence. To the many complimentary notices which have been bestowed upon me, I bow with gratitude and respect. Who would not wish to be a "crank" when the title is given by such judicious critics? After all, there is nothing which so much tends to produce a logical conviction in a man's mind as does a plain, unsupported statement; since these persons have bestowed the title, I must accept it, and take my place among the men who help to turn the world, and, I might add, to turn the heads of many wiseacres. With regard to the statement that my remarks are running away with me—well, I must bear that too. I must not complain, for it seems that they have carried off even smaller articles.

For the past few months I have been interested in the varying reports of the stamp-collectors of Brownson and Carroll Halls. This commendable rivalry I am glad to see conducted on such sharp lines of competition. The last report of the Carrolls showed an astonishing lead over the Brownsons; it was too much for me to take, and consequently I had recourse to the usual grain. (Much virtue in my grain, and it is a hard "old saw" that can

pull against it.) On meeting a prominent collector of Brownson Hall lately, I asked him concerning the truth of the Carrolls' statement. "Pshaw!" he said in disgust, "the whole thing was a fake. They had about seventeen stamps more—and that's what brought out the windy report. But we're *way* ahead of them now," he continued, and working himself up into a fit of enthusiasm, he poured into my ears the story of the Brownson's victory. The Carroll report had raised the ire of the Brownsons somewhat. A mass meeting was held, speeches were made by prominent collectors, and great excitement reigned all along the line. One man, after a fiery speech, was winding up with: "Give me stamps, or give me —," but he was given something else instanter. Some were for slashing the Carrolls right and left and sending them where they should be taken care of; another enthusiastic collector voted a present of a few ounces of lead to the P. M. in case he did not hand over all the stamps in his possession. But wiser and cooler counsel prevailed; the Brownsons got down to business, and now—I will not use the figures and phraseology of my informer—the Carrolls are far, far beyond the range of visual perception. However, I hope soon to hear from them again; but they need not trouble themselves about writing their reports in such a glowing style as that of the above-mentioned Brownsonite. Give us only the true figures—for figures don't lie.

What narrow views of things do some men take! As you may guess, this remark bears on some personal experience of mine. I met a person the other day, and after the usual remarks and prognostications anent the weather, he said: "Has navigation opened yet?" I answered that it was my humble opinion that it had; and hinted that the gentleman's ears must have been hard-bound if he had not heard the cries of "Stroke!" and the other unearthly yells which come daily from the lake. "Well, you see," he continued, scratching his head and looking into vacancy: "I was a little doubtful; you know the SCHOLASTIC hasn't announced it yet." I saw that he was dealing a cut to the custom of giving an annual free "ad." to the boating association, and although I have not been officially appointed fighting-editor of this paper, I undertook to avenge the insult which this individual had given. He has recovered since, thanks to "a student of medicine," who prescribed, besides one year's subscription to the SCHOLASTIC, several kinds of "Foam," a package of "Navy Clippings," and 17 yells of "Stroke!" to cure that "tired feeling" of his ears.

There is no more delightful place to spend these

cool summer evenings than the vicinity of the lake. The crews skimming over the water; the few lone fishermen musing on the scene in which their lines are cast; the gentle, tingling, buzzing music of the festive mosquito—all contribute to a pleasure which must be seen and felt to be appreciated. But no credence must be given to the reports concerning the size of these last-named animals. Some, with most unblushing mendacity, asseverate that they carry something very like a whet-stone under their wings; while others declare that some "whoppers" would fit in Waltah's pants. "Ay, there's the rub," some truth there. Let them get in any man's trousers and they will take a delightful fit—and have another to spare for their victim.

ROUMANEY RYE.

Boards of Examination.

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, TO MONDAY, JUNE 20.

(Under the general supervision of Rev President Walsh.)

CLASSICAL.—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. M. Mohun, Rev. A. B. O'Neill, Rev. J. French, Rev. W. Kelly, Rev. P. Klein; Prof. Edwards, Prof. M. F. Egan, Prof. Hoynes, Prof. J. G. Ewing, Secretary.

SCIENTIFIC.—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, Rev. J. Kirsch, Rev. J. Burus; Prof. A. F. Zahm, Prof. C. P. Neil, Prof. M. J. McCue, Secretary.

COMMERCIAL.—Rev. A. Morrissey, presiding; Rev. W. Maloney, Rev. B. Ill; Bro. Marcellinus, Bro. Theogene, Bro. Philip; Prof. M. O'Dea, Secretary.

SENIOR PREPARATORY.—Rev. W. Connor, presiding; Bro. Leander, Secretary; Bro. Julian, Bro. Ephrem, Bro. Emmanuel; Prof. F. X. Ackerman, Prof. Liscombe, Prof. Hugh O'Neill and Mr. J. McDonnell.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY.—Rev. M. J. Regan, presiding; Mr. J. Just, Secretary; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Marcellus, Bro. Wigbert, Bro. Alphonsus, Bro. Hugh, Bro. Cajetan, Bro. Paul of the Cross.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Carney, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, Flannery, Gillon, Hannin, Howard, Joslyn, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, H. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rother, Schaack, Sullivan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Ansberry, Breen, J. Brady, Baldwin, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Crilly, Castenado, F. Cummings, Conroy, Chapeze, Colby, Cullen, Chidester, Doheny, Dinkel, Devanny, Damsky, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, Flynn, Foley, Fardy, Heneghan, Healy, R. Harris, Hesse, Holland, E. Harris, Houlihan, Heer,

Hagan, Hoepe, Hartman, Herman, Jacobs, Jewett F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, Keough, Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, Libert, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Moxley, D. Murphy, McGonigle, McErlain, Marckhoff, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McDonnell, McCullough, Murray, Maisen, Mooney, Olde, O'Shea, O'Connor, Pulskamp, Palmer, Powers, Phillips, Perkins, Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, E. Roby, Raney, Riordan Sherman, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Thayne, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Wilkin, Zeller, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Baldauf, Ball, Byrnes, J. Brown, Bates, Casey, Corry, Curran, Cullen, Carpenter, Corcoran, Cheney, Cochrane, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillman, Delany, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Evans, Edwards, Finnerty, A. Funke, G. Funke, Feehan, Fitzgerald, Falk, Grote, L. Gibson, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfas, Garst, Gerner, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Janssen, Kreicker, Kinneavy, Kraber, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, Kerker, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Martin, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Marr, Moss, McDowell, McCarthy, MacLeod, Medalie, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Connor, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rupel, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Stephens, D. Thornton, Thome, O. Tong, Teeter, Thorn, Tobin, Vorhang, Washburn, Walker, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wells, Warner, Yeager, Yingst, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, L. Abraham, G. Abraham, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Bopp, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, Curry, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Crandall, Croke Cross, H. Durand, B. Durand, Dugas, DuBrul, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fossick, J. Freeman, N. Freeman, B. Freeman, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Graf, Hoffman, Howard, Hilger, Healy, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hathaway, Hartman, E. Jonquet, Jones, Kinney, Krollman, Kern, G. Keeler, King, Kuehl, E. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Londoner, Lawton, Langley, Langevin, Lonergan, Lowrey, Lysle, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McAlister, McGinley, McGushin, Maternes, Morrison, R. Morris, F. Morris, Ninneman, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pieser, Pratt, Platts, Pursell, Peck, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckhart, L. Trankle, Trujillo, White, Wilson, Wilcox, Westover, Westheimer, Wolf.

Musical.

The program, she informed me, was a charming one indeed, From the splendid Wagner overture (which nothing could exceed) To the lovely little scherzo and the minuet for strings, And the latest bit of Dvorak, which made her sigh for wings.

Throughout the Grieg concerto her emotion was intense; It seemed to me at times she held her breath in deep suspense; She raved of *opus* this and that, of Schubert, Bach, and Liszt; Beethoven, Brahms, Tschaikowski, and a score whose names I missed.

But, when at last, 'twas over and I led her down the stair, I noticed that beneath her breath she hummed a little air; It was not upon the program, being commonplace and tuney, And I wondered at the sudden drop from Bach to "Annie Rooney." —*Judge.*

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Grateful acknowledgments are tendered to the Misses Lizzie Nester, Imelda Grace and Mrs. P. T. Barry, of Chicago, for beautiful and substantial gifts to the pupils' Infirmary.

—The great Feast of Pentecost was observed at St. Mary's by Solemn High Mass, of which Rev. Father L'Etourneau, C. S. C., was the celebrant. In the sermon of the occasion were cited many of the great names that illuminate the pages of Church history, proving by their sanctity of life and heroism in the cause of truth that the fire of zeal still burns in the hearts of men.

—The examinations in music, begun on Monday evening, are still in progress, and now is seen the benefit resulting from a careful attention to the prosaic scales and exercises. As the week advances, the selections increase in merit, and are marked by a greater brilliancy of execution, those presenting themselves for the ordeal, their timidity once overcome, acquit themselves in a very creditable manner.

—On the occasion of reading their criticisms, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 2d, the Graduates were honored by the presence of Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., and Prof. M. F. Egan, for whose attendance and kindly words of commendation, they desire to return thanks. The authors criticised were Tennyson, Aubrey de Vere, Faber, Longfellow, Thackeray, Irving, Newman and Scott, to whose respective merits the young critics did ample justice.

—The library of St. Luke's Studio has recently received a noteworthy addition in the shape of Goodyear's "History of Art," a volume well deserving a place in any collection of art literature. The book presents a short sketch of the entire subject, including architecture, sculpture and painting, accompanied by numerous illustrations. The chapters devoted to architecture give clear explanations of the Greek, Renaissance and Gothic styles, while the famous statues and paintings are not forgotten, thus making the book of much use in future meetings of the Art Society.

—The invoice of books recently received has enriched the library of St. Edward's Reading-room by many volumes. A fine set of Butler's Lives of the Saints, with Faber's works, heads the list, when come the poets represented by Scott, Goldsmith, Procter, Father Ryan and others; next the essayists, by Mathews: "Getting on in the World," "The Great Conversers," Lang's "Essays on Little," "Yesterday with Authors," "Famous American Authors," and many others, all of which promise to make this room doubly attractive during the coming year.

—A most pleasant surprise was the visit of Very Rev. Father General to St. Mary's on the morning of Sunday, June 5, on which occasion he was

present at the academic meeting, the latter, in honor of his arrival, being held almost immediately after Mass. The satisfaction his presence afforded was plainly visible on the faces of all, and the cards inscribed with the gifts and fruits of the Holy Ghost, customary to be given on this day, were received with a double pleasure from his hands. On leaving the Academy, the Very Rev. guest visited the convent and novitiate, much to the joy of their respective inmates.

—The instructions given in the theory of music in regard to accent were made practical on last Saturday afternoon, at an informal *musical* by the performance of such compositions as best served to illustrate that important factor in musical execution. The variety of effects produced by placing the stress on different beats of the measure was well exemplified in the playing of tarantellas, gavottes, minuets and boleros, in all of which the pupils showed marked proficiency. Those taking part were the Misses A. Thirds, S. Dempsey, E. Dennison, M. Dennison, E. Wile, M. McCune, G. Dieffenbacher, and G. Bogart, the two latter playing violin solos.

Echo.

Sweet nymph, that haunts the lonely forest glade,
Or near the mountain-cradled lake doth dwell,
How oft thy mocking voice, like magic bell,
Hath lured me to thy realm of sylvan shade!
The boatman, by thy witchery betrayed,
Lets fall his dripping oars, and to thy spell
Doth yield, as over lilded lake and dell,
He fain would follow where thy feet have strayed.

Come forth, lone maid, from 'mid the sombre trees,
Nor flee forever far from mortal sight;
See where Narcissus, swaying in the breeze,
Bends his crowned head to stay thine arrowy flight,
Drinking the fragrance of the flowery leas,
No longer will he spurn thy glances bright.

D. M. DAVIS (Second Senior Class).

Sensitiveness.

A sensitive nature may well be compared to the prepared plate of a camera, so quick is it to receive the slightest impression; but here the likeness ceases; for the image formed on the glass is obliterated unless it is fixed by a careful process; while the mind brooding over an injury, real or fancied, carries ever with it the memory of the wound inflicted on its pride or prejudice. Fineness of perception, delicacy of taste, keenness of appreciation, liveliness of imagination, combine to render a person susceptible to pain or pleasure on very slight provocation. Some there are who suffer keenly on account of this sensitiveness; but, fortunately, Providence has so ordered it that to such persons there are many sources of true enjoyment which to those

of less refined nature would not be worthy of notice. Like the barometric column, a slight change in the moral atmosphere is sufficient to affect some, while a cyclone would be needed to disturb others. Usually sensitive souls are lovers of solitude, lovers of nature, and they hold communion with their own thoughts, while the flowers, trees, birds and streams speak to them a language beautiful and varied. They people the woods with their own thought-friends and hold converse with them, knowing that their tenderest feelings will never be wounded by any betrayal of trust and friendship.

The very spirit of the age is anything but soothing to those sensitive natures. "Every man for himself" seems to be the motto of the day, and in the endeavor to live up to this maxim, there is too much hurry, too much excitement to allow men to have regard for the feelings of one another; and in order not to suffer in the wear and tear of daily life, one must become, as it were, hardened. Now this hardening process is not the best way to preserve a generous, kindly nature; yet if one would pass unscathed, he must thus prepare himself, and sacrifice much that gives sweetness to existence.

Many persons are, like Achilles, vulnerable in one spot; they have certain ideas, certain prejudices, which must be respected, else they are wounded. In some it springs from vanity, in others from some personal defect, while again, it may arise from faults we have committed, and which we do not wish mentioned. But whatever the cause, it is a source of acute suffering, and manifests itself in various ways. An exaggerated pride is very often the root of the trouble, and filled with thoughts of self, those afflicted in this way, imagine every group they see is talking about them, and every word they hear implies a meaning, perhaps far removed from the speaker's mind.

While sensitiveness shows itself in many ways, there are souls who suffer in silence. Quivering under an unkindness, or a thrust of satire, they pass it over seemingly without a thought, but their heart bears the scar forever after. Much of life's grief, when due to such sources, would be banished, did we but call reason to our aid. What can a word or a look do? We are no better for a word of praise, and no worse for an adverse criticism; so why take every sentiment uttered so to heart as to be either much pleased or displeased thereat?

Let us think first of the demands of duty, and having performed its dictates to the best of our ability, let us be indifferent to the praise or censure of men. We will always find some to appreciate our efforts, and with a bright hope that He who sees all things will reward our labors, let us go on calmly, enjoying the good gifts He sends, and

accepting with a grateful heart the shadows that cross the sunlight; for from the clouds come life's beautiful showers.

LAURA GRIFFITH.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, Brady, K. Barry, Black, Byers, Bogart, Bartholomew, Carico, Charles, M. Clifford, Crilly, Culp, L. Clifford, D. Davis, Dempsey, E. Dennison, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Dingee, M. Dennison, Fitzpatrick, Farwell, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Gibbons, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Johnson, Jacobs, M. Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kieffer, Kelly, Kauffman, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kinney, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, M. Marrinan, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, Maxon, Nacy, N. Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pengemann, Payne, Quinn, K. Ryan, A. Ryan, M. Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Reid, M. Smyth, E. Seeley, A. Smith, Stuart, A. Seeley, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Thirds, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, G. Winstanley, B. Winstanley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, J. Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Boyle, Coady, Crandall, Campau, M. Davis, B. Davis, Doble, Ford, Field, Garrity, Hickey, Hopper, Kasper, Londoner, Morris, Meskill, S. Smyth, Tilden, Wolverton, White, Williams, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, J. Brown, E. Brown, Dysart, Bourgeois, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Keeler, Lingard, McKenna, A. McCarthy, McCormack, Murray, Palmer, Wolverton.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses E. Adelsperger, Griffith, Fitzpatrick, Morse, Nacey, Nickel, Wile.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses R. Bassett, E. Dennison, Haight, M. Moynahan, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, A. Thirds, Gibbons, Marrinan.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bero, K. Charles, Davis, Klingberg, Kirley, Ludwig, Zahm, Winstanley, Tormey, Roberts, Robinson, Smyth, Kimmell.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses O'Mara, Bell, M. Clifford, Cooper, Duffy, Galvin, Hellmann, Higgins, L. Holmes, Hutchinson, Keating, Morehead, M. Nichols, Pengeman, Van Mourick, Wurzburg, Kinney, Gage.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Cowan, Dieffenbacher, Hunt, Hammond, Kelly, Kieffer, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, A. Moynahan, O'Sullivan, Quinn, Rizer, A. Seeley, Tod, M. Davis, B. Davis, S. Smyth, Meskill, Lancaster.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Adelsperger, Baxter, Field, Nacey, White, N. Smyth, Agney, Crilly, Wile, Dennison, Dingee, Doble, Hittson, Hopkins, Kauffman, Kingsbaker, Leppel, Sena, Sleeper.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Augustine, Culp, Rothschild, Russert, Tietjen, McColm, Welter.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses McDonald, Coady, A. Cowan, Dreyer, Dennison, Girsch, Londoner, Williams.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Crandall, Dysart, Ford, Finnerty, Mills, McKenna, M. Murray, Ryder, Tilden, Wheeler, McCormack.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Ahern, Buckley, H. Girsch, Lingard, McCarthy, Palmer, Keeler, Wolverton.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 11, 1892.

Our Father Founder.

It is with a pleasure greater than words can express that we strive to reproduce in this, our special number, the noble, kindly, familiar features of our Father and friend—the beloved founder of Notre Dame—the Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of

and friend of *Alma Mater*. Let us repeat them here, and with them we have said all that we can, at present, say of one over whose long career of self-sacrificing devotedness to religion and humanity the pen would lovingly move:

"On a cold November evening, in the year of grace, 1842, a young priest stood near the old log-house on the banks of the little lake, called St. Mary's, and viewed for the first time the principal field of his future labors. The frozen lake, the prairie beyond it, the small portion of cleared ground were all covered with snow; the branches of the trees drooped under the weight of the snow; the evergreens, even



VERY REV. EDWARD SORIN,
Founder of Notre Dame, and Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

the Holy Cross. How forcibly now, in this centennial year,—this year of jubilee for Notre Dame in particular, as well as for America in general—do the words, from one who has long lain still in death, come home to each student

the rail fences and the stumps that thickly studded the ten-acre lot, were rendered fairy-like with snow—snow, cold, pure, beautifying snow lay thick and heavy all around; and as the rays of the setting sun, struggling through the

winter clouds, cast their magic light over the wide expanse of snow-covered land, the young priest consecrated it anew to the Virgin Mother of God, to whom, in his great love for her, all his undertakings, great or small, were always lovingly submitted.

"The young priest was Father Sorin; the place, Notre Dame du Lac;—two names that will always be associated, ever linked together, in the memory of old students and old friends,

sible, the joy that a laborious, but successful, career must always bring with it. Long live our venerated Father Founder!

**

Our President—the Very Rev. Father Walsh—is assistant to the Very Rev. Superior-General, and co-operates with him in the directive administration of the Order throughout the world. Eleven years have now elapsed since



VERY REV. PRESIDENT WALSH, C. S. C.

and will go down together in the religious and educational annals of our country."

The fiftieth anniversary of that "cold November evening" is fast approaching, and will mark the golden record of the foundation-stone of what has been justly styled "The Pride of the West." Heaven grant that a life so precious may be spared in all its pristine health and vigor to receive the gladsome testimony of warm, grateful hearts, intensifying, if it be pos-

the direction of our *Alma Mater* was assigned to him, and the development and progress that have been marked on each annual mile-stone say more than words. We regret that circumstances prevent the publication of the sketch prepared, but President Walsh and the boys are one. The few lines written, it need not be said, are the expressions of the heart, and carry with them the fervent aspiration of *ad multos annos!*

Notre Dame.

Long here shall science dwell,
Long here shall Heaven's praises swell;
Still honored thou; for holy writings tell;
God giveth more to those who use their talents well.
When little time, and less of gold
Have wrought so much, through faith and love,
What may we hope when years have rolled,
With added blessings from above?
What hope the ardent toiler cheers!
What mighty hopes the future bears!



- Picnics!
- Swimming!
- Mosquitoes!
- Give us a breeze!
- How is Alderman?
- The tower is *towering*.
- “Home, Sweet Home”!
- Examinations next week.
- Nec tempus nunc fugit sed protrahit*.
- What is so *rare* as a day in June?
- How is the “Staff” on penmanship?
- This is Ninety-Two’s special number.
- What are you going to do during vacation?
- An aquatic element—a pie in a neighbor’s hand.
- LOST.—A bunch of keys; return to students’ office.
- Observe the *moon*, if you wish to be a weather prophet.
- The English History Class were treated to a *surprise*.
- The ball-players are preparing to make—a *home run*.
- How were the triples? They were easy and otherwise.
- Get your selection for the elocutionary contest down *pat*.
- Ye “local eds.” were not in their element last week. Too bad!
- The 3d Latin class are of opinion that Livy is difficult to translate.
- Perambulations after supper were indulged in by ambulatory Brownsons.
- Signs are always difficult things to understand, but none more so than trigonometric *sines*.
- The whistling propensities of the musical (?) Carrolls make the trees tremble on their approach.
- Some awful calamity must have occurred overhead, as one may judge by the continuous weeping.

—The Chemistry Class strove to have an early examination, but the Director of Studies was inexorable.

—Those making a specialty of Botany have discovered (?) that the *stamens* keep the *powder* for the *pistils*.

—“Your blood be upon me,” said Casty, as he caused the sanguine tide to ebb from a slaughtered mosquito down his spring pants.

—FOUND.—A gold ring. If the owner call at Room No. 15, Sorin Hall, and give full description he shall receive the same.

—That good music is appreciated at Notre Dame is plainly evident, since there cannot be any entertainment, picnic, dinner, etc., without its presence being indispensable.

—The SCHOLASTIC extends its sincere congratulations to Mr. Fred Miller, of the *South Bend Tribune*, in his recent happy entrance into the matrimonial state, and profers its best wishes for many long and happy years.

—Mr. F. C. Raff, of South Bend, has been appointed by President Walsh to take charge of securing transportation for the students on their departure home for the vacation. Agents of the different railroads desiring any information are requested to address themselves to Mr. Raff.

—We are indebted to our esteemed contemporary, the *Ave Maria*, for the picture of the great Discoverer, which adorns our first page. It is a reproduction of Gregori’s great mural painting in the Columbus series, with which the *maestro* enriched either side of the grand hall of the main building of the University.

—We have received a communication, questioning the accuracy of our Field Day report in one particlnar to wit: the bicycle race. Our correspondent says that “McErlain and DuBrul got off first and together. DuBrul forged ahead and kept the lead till the time when, as the report said, he dropped out hopelessly beaten.” Our correspondent further saith “that it was an accident that compelled DuBrul to drop out. His tire came off while making the turn near the Observatory.”

—Rev. President Walsh has made arrangements with the Chicago Rock Island & Pacific Railway to run two special Pullman coaches through from South Bend to Denver, Col., for the accommodation of the Denver and western students of Notre Dame and St. Mary’s Academy returning to their homes for the vacation. The party will be accompanied by two members of the Faculty, and leave South Bend by special train at 6 p. m. Tuesday, June 21, arriving in Denver at 7 a. m. Thursday, June 23.

—The following is the record of “events” on Carroll campus “Field Day,” May 30, 1892.

1st One Hundred Yds. Run—L. Gibson, 1st. Time, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.; F. Curran, 2d. Time, 12 secs.

2d One Hundred Yds. Run—P. Dion, 1st. Time, 12 secs.; W. Sullivan, 2d. Time, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ secs.

3d One Hundred Yds. Run—K. Kenneavy, 1st. Time, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.

Putting 16 lb. Shot—F. Thorn, 1st, 26 ft. 6 in.; G. Gilbert, 2d, 23 ft. 10 in.; W. Sullivan, 3d, 23 ft. 7 in.

Mile Run—C. Fitzgerald, 5 min. 29 secs.; J. Girsch, 5 min. 32 secs.; G. Lowrey, 5 min. 34½ secs.

Running Broad Jump—1st, E. Smith, 17 ft. 6½ in.; 2d, W. Sullivan, 17 ft. ½ in.; 3d. N. Luther, 16 ft. 6 in.

Hop Step and Jump—W. Sullivan, 1st, 36 ft. 4 in.; E. Smith, 2d, 36 ft. 3 in.; C. Pope, 3d, 36 ft. 2 in.

Throwing Base-Ball—L. Gibson, 1st, 316 ft.

Bicycle Race (2½ miles)—G. Sweet, 1st. Time, 9 minutes 16½ sec. N. Luther, 2d. Time, 9 minutes 19½ sec.

Three Legged Race—G. Gilbert, 1st; F. Rogers, W. Evans and A. Regan, 2d; W. Marr and Barbour, 3d.

1st Bat Race—L. Gibson, 1st; C. Curran, 2d.

2d Bat Race—R. Kenneavy, 1st; G. Lowrey, 2d.

—**BASE-BALL**—An interesting game was played between the Carroll "reserves" and a South Bend team on Monday. The home teams were first to the bat, and started out well until the end of the second inning. The score was four to nothing in their favor. After this the battery of the visitors settled down to business, and nearly all the runs made after this were well earned. The home team was somewhat handicapped—several of their best players being absent, attending the picnic of Company "B." By degrees the visitors gained, and at the end of the fifth inning the score was 4 to 4; the score again tied in the eighth and ninth innings. At the end of the ninth the score was nine to nine, and so a tenth inning was necessary. The Carrolls batted well during this inning, and the visitors seemed a little nonplussed, allowing the Carrolls five runs. When the visitors came to the bat they were shut out, and so the game was ended. The feature of the game was the gentlemanly conduct of the visitors, playing their best ball all through. Also the playing of J. Girsch, who, by the way, it seems, would rather play ball than eat ice-cream, having come in from the picnic. It is but just to say that his playing saved the game.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
"CARROLL RESERVES":—4 0 0 0 2 1 1 1 5 = 14
SOUTH BENDS:—0 0 1 1 4 0 1 2 0 0 = 9

Joseph J. Fink

M. A. Quinlan

Alvin Ahbrick

B. B. Bachrach

William Hanahan

Roger B. Simott

Henry L. Murphy

Louis P. Chute

Hugh O'Neill.

Ernest P. Dubois

Fred B. Chute.

John J. McGrath Jr.

J. R. Fitzgibbon

F. J. Turpilla

